Spirit of the Times

OF
THE
FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

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CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses.* THREE *Mile Heats,* with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet,* with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats,* with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

Among other engagements for the Park next season, that will give great satisfaction, is that of Mrs. SHARPE, for ten weeks. The delicate health of Mrs. S. has induced her for nearly a year to throw aside the sock and buskin; we are glad to hear it is entirely renovated, and that she will support Mr. FORREST in his range of characters, a situation few ladies can fill with so much credit to themselves, and none with so much gratification to Mr. F., who is engaged for 30 nights.

Mr. HUGHES, formerly leader at Drury-Lane, has arrived from London, to relieve Mr. PENSON, who retires from the direction of the Park orchestra. This important department requires additional strength and character, it having fallen off sadly within two years. The substitution of the present incumbents in place of CIOFFI's trombone, CASOLANI's double bass, CHRISTIAN's clarionet, and KYLE's flute, has *played* the deuce with it.

Among the new faces next season in the stock company, will be Mrs. WILLIS and Mrs. CHIPPENDALE.

Mrs. MAEDER, late Clara Fisher, appeared on Tuesday last in three pieces, for the benefit of her sister, Mrs. VERNON. The house was a good one, as both ladies well merited.

A Miss HILDRETH was to make her debut at the Park on Thursday, at CHIPPENDALE's benefit—probably in Lady Macbeth, if she is of "the universal Yankee nation," as our "native talent" seldom condescends to exhibit itself for the first time in any but first characters. The reason half the journeymen printers and milliners in town are not upon the stage, is owing to "the heartless opposition of managers," who have "unfounded prejudices" against "native genius," and throw "obstructions" in the way of their "doing the heavy business," such the Hamlets, Richards, Othellos, Belvideras, Imogines and Juliets. We hear Miss HILDRETH is very pretty, and some of her friends claim for her a delicious person, fine eyes, and all that sort o' thing. Seeing is believing—we shall know anon. P.S. Miss Hildreth appeared as Marianna in The Wife.

P.S. No. 2. She won't do.

The "manager" announces (who is he?) that the *Bowery* will open for the regular season on Monday next. Mrs. HODGES (or, as the lady chooses to term herself, Miss NELSON,) is engaged for a few nights, and will appear on Monday in The Mountain Sylph.

Miss HORTON's benefit takes place at the Park this evening. Mr. HORN and Miss NELSON have volunteered.

At JONES' benefit last Wednesday, he had the services of Miss HORTON and Mrs. KNIGHT.

The *City* theatre is pretty much done up, its doors having been closed early in the week, by Injunction of the Chancellor, we have heard. There is an *on dit* that Miss VIRGINIA MONIER will succeed to the management.

Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM SEFTON have returned to the *Franklin,* which is doing a good business with the *Pickwick Club* (said to be a capital affair) and *Lillian.* The company is certainly the best in the city at the present moment.

Our good natured and valued old friend, Maj. NOAH, is "pretty considerably struck up," that so many female women on the stage are sailing under false colors. Listen to what the Major says in the Evening Star:—

"We cannot fathom the motives of married ladies continuing to be known by their names when single on the stage. A single lady of immense reputation, may as a reminiscence, or from policy or popularity, adhere to her name, if she continues on the stage after marriage, but there should be urgent motives in pursuing such a practice. It is of French origin, and extremely awkward. On enquiring the name of a popular singer in Marseilles, we were answered, "her name is Miss Miller—she is a prodigious fine woman with a large family of children."

There is some reason for the sensible remarks of Maj. N. He knows as well as we do that there are half a dozen *Misses* "cavorting" about the country, some of them "prodigious fine women," too, with "large families of children"—somewhere. The Major is prudently silent in reference to their crusty old buffers of husbands, and we make no doubt it would be much easier finding "the large families" alluded to.

COOKE's Company is getting on at Vauxhall. Mrs. HAMBLIN at the Richmond Hill theatre, ditto, we believe.

Why do not some of our managerial gaggers get up a theatre or two in Brooklyn? There is room for one there, certainly. The people out at Harlæm think of establishing one.

WILLIS has revised his tragedy for Miss CLIFTON, and the improvement is manifest. The play abounds with radiant gems of poesy, so that it must become a favorite in dramatic libraries, however it may succeed upon the stage. The incidents of the piece are not so strikingly developed, nor is the plot so clear and well sustained as it might be with a few judicious alterations. Still we are sanguine of its success. It may not be attractive, but it cannot fail, while the principal character devolves upon Miss CLIFTON, supported, as she will be, by the united strength of the Park company.

The Park closes for a short recess this evening, during which it is to be fitted up anew. Its doors will probably be thrown open again on the 28th for the winter season. Remember Miss Horton's benefit to-night. Her Southern tour has greatly improved her voice and person; she sings delightfully.

The *City* theatre is to be positively re-opened on Monday, after undergoing several material alterations, under the management of a very pretty young lady Miss VIRGINIA MONIER.

BARNES made a famous acknowledgment to the audience, last Saturday night, when he was called out. With occasional intermissions, within a year or two past he has played at the Park twenty-one years. Miss CHARLOTTE appeared in the Youthful Queen. She is the prettiest Christine we have seen.

HART's company is said to be playing to a good business at Augusta. The principal attraction is Mrs. HART and CHARLES YOUNG. A very pretty woman—Madame VINCENT, is acquiring considerable reputation as a *danseuse.*

NIBLO is getting on famously this season with his Concerts and Vaudevilles. This is the season of benefits at his establishment, and his visiters must not be unmindful that Mrs. WATSON, a charming vocalist and an established favorite, takes her farewell benefit on Monday next, previous to her departure for the South. She presents a bill of uncommon attraction. The celebrated *Alpine Singers,* lately arrived, will make their first appearance, and amidst the *Mountain Scenery,* prepared expressly for them, will warble forth their native melodies and give their national dances. A young aspirant, Miss WELLS, (sister to Mrs. Watson) is likewise to make her first appearance. The celebrated pianistes, SCHLESSINGER and KING, will assist; FABJ will sing for the first time this season, and Mr. T. BISHOP will give some of his sweetest ballads. Let her have a bumper..

GROVES, late co-manager with WARRELL, of the Nashville and Memphis theatres, has just returned to town from Boston, where they came near seducing him into the management of the Lion theatre. He has made several capital engagements at the North for the Southern theatrical world. He has a treasure in the histrionic abilities of his lady, formerly Miss SMITH of the Park. Mrs. GROVES bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. SHARPE, and not more in her person than in the diversified range of characters she assumes. She sings and dances well, and is at home in every thing, from the pert bustling chambermaid of farce, to the Elviras and Imogenes of the upper walks of the drama. We are vexed that he should not have brought her with him North.

WARD, of Baltimore, is in the city making arrangements, we presume, for his ensuing campaign. Report states that owing to the flood and the all-absorbing attention to electioneering affairs in the Monumental city, his losses have been heavy. This we regret, as no man has done more to resuscitate the Drama in Baltimore and Washington, and his efforts deserved a better return. Why does he not turn his attention to our own city? There are many changes at the different Theatres, and the proprietors of the little Franklin or those interested in the mismanaged Bowery would do well to secure such a conductor.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COCKNEY BOB *to his werry particular friends of the "Commercial Transcript," Baltimore.*

Vell, 'ere I be—a vondering vight,
 Hin this 'ere famous city,
Vere homnibusses drives habout,
 Hand heditors is vitty.
They talks habout their business dull,
 Hand yet no man's a flincher;
They say the times does pinch hand pinch,
 They can't be not no pincher.

My hies!—look hup hand down Broadway,
 The bustle's truly 'orrid;
The girls his valking hevery vay,
 Some backvard hand some forrard.
Hand in the 'arbour boats hand ships
 His skimming through the vater—
Vile steamboats jammed vith passengers,
 Flies faster than they oughter.

They say that marketing is ris,
 That hall fat living's hover;
Hand yet they'll treat their hinward man
 To voodcock, duck, hand plover.
They say that money's werry scarce—
 Hit *pains* them much to think;
Yet—'tis *sham-pain*—their comfort-drop
 His summut for to drink.

There's NIBLO's pop'lar *wo-de-wills,*
 I b'lieve that's vot they call 'em,
They're jist the thing vot kills *hennui*—
 For care a vonderous balsam.
Hand there's the *Park,* vere HORTON sings
 "Sonnambula," hand so forth;
They vants Miss TURPIN—she's the von,
 Vot makes hour feelings go forth.

They say the *Bowery* 'ouse is blow'd,
 That DINNEFORD's comed hover—
But still the *Franklin* goes ahead
 Vith Chatham folks hin clover.
The *City* 'ouse, vere COWELL leads,
 Vith some of hour hactors,
His doing jist the genteel thing,
 As pleasure-manufactors.

These New York folks is mighty strange,
 'Tis heither grief or laughter;
The Vall-street coves is rather glum,
 Hand don't know vot they're hafter.
"Pull Dick, pull devil," his the vay
 They carry hon their business;
Hand him vot 'as 'is pockets full,
 Not 'alf the money his'n is.

Hi's got a heap o' things to tell,
 But stop hi must—hand oughter;
For hi ham drawing largely hon
 A bottle hof good PORTER.
The times his looking hup they say,
 Vich his a good precursor;
Hit matters not 'ow bad they be,
 They can't be not no worser.

COCKNEY BOB.

New York, Haugust 7th, 1837.

Marriage of "Jim Crow."

Yesterday was married, at St. John's church, Westminster, Thomas D. Rice, Esq., the popular American comedian, to Miss Gladstane, eldest daughter of —— Gladstane, Esq., joint proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi. After partaking, with numerous friends, of an elegant *dejeuner,* the happy couple left town for a villa in the vicinity of Richmond, where they will remain during the short remaining period of Mr. Rice's professional engagements in London.

London Morning Herald of June 29th.

Boston Theatricals.—The Morning Post of Monday gives us the annexed paragraphs:—

The Tremont will open to-night with a good bill of entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett will be warmly welcomed back. Andrews, Murdock, Johnson, Gilbert, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss M'Bride, indeed, all the company of last season are re-engaged, we believe, besides several distinguished individuals who have never played here.

At the National the Ravels will astonish all who see them—they are wonderful folks, and it we were to tell only one half of what they do, no person would believe us, unless he had beheld their feats himself.

The Lion has a good company—Mr. Eaton has been playing there for several nights with unusual success—this evening Mr. Heild is to appear as Othello, and Mrs. H. as Desdemona.

☞ Chapman, of the steam Theatre, has run his ark up to Natchez, but the landing being "under the hill," a part of that city not in very good repute, he has rented the Natchez Theatre, where his corps will play for several nights.—If he will come here, we will fill the St. Charles for his novel enterprise.

New Orleans Picayune.

Marriage of Mr. Forrest and Miss Sinclair.

On Friday last this eminent tragedian led to the hymeneal altar, at St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, Miss Catherine Sinclair, the amiable and accomplished daughter of John Sinclair, Esq., of musical celebrity.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George Croly, L. L. D., in the presence of her father, who gave the bride away, and a long cortege of the private friends of both parties, among whom were the American Minister and his lady, the American Consul and his lady, Lady Mackenzie of Avoch, Lady Knox, Lady Fergusson, Captain Polhill, M. P., Messrs. Wikoff and Vaux of the American Legation, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Dunlop, &c.

On quitting the church, Mr. Forrest led his "young and lovely bride" to a new and splendid carriage, expressly manufactured for the occasion, and with the aid of four beautiful grey horses, "richly caparisoned," the happy couple started for Windsor, where it is their intention to pass a portion of the honeymoon.

Miss Sinclair possesses a handsome fortune, which Mr. Forrest, much to his honor, has settled on herself, and the lady, upon her part, has been equally liberal, securing to him, in the event of her death, her property for his life.

The bride and bridegroom have postponed their departure from England to the 8th of August, and on the 18th of September Mr. Forrest will re-appear at the Park theatre, New York, in the character of Othello.

On the morning of his marriage, Mr. Forrest presented his friend Mr. Jones with a magnificent silver salver, upon which is neatly engraved the following inscription:—

"As a small but sincere tribute of respect for him as a man, and as an acknowledgment of his friendly exertions, which overcame many objections, and prevailed on me to appear on the British stage, this piece of plate is most gratefully inscribed and presented to Thomas Willis Jones, Esq., by his friend Edwin Forrest. June 23, 1837."

A highly respectable body of gentlemen, resident in the city of York, lately presented to a Mr. Chute, an actor, a valuable watch and appendages, as a token of their esteem and respect for his conduct as a respectable member of society, and his talents as a performer. The following, which we extract from the York Herald, is Mr. Chute's address on returning thanks for the high compliment paid him. We are induced to extract it, as one of the most happy efforts we remember to have seen upon any similar occasion:—

GENTLEMEN,—I will not affect that I came unacquainted with the kind object of this company—I have been apprised of it; I will therefore not offend you by saying I am taken by surprise—something more than a naked "I thank you" I feel is necessary. A man capable of a grateful feeling cannot but be highly sensible of the great compliment which I have this day received at your hands, and the flattering mark of esteem it conveys; and happy shall I deem myself if I can find words worthy of you and me to express my sense of it. I will not disguise from you, gentlemen, that I feel proud;—it is an honor a man may well be proud of—to be invited to this board—to receive from the gentlemen around it a testimonial of their good opinion, and the party so honored an actor—it is a circumstance almost unheard of in any country save Yorkshire. In my experience I never heard of a similar thing being done, save as I said before in this country. Well then, gentlemen, it is gratifying on more points than one—it shows that it is in the power of the followers of any profession or calling to make it respectable, and themselves respected. "It is in ourselves that we are thus or thus"—we are not infallible—who are? Yet an actor, and at the same time a respectable member of society, is not such an impossibility as our enemies assert. You think, gentlemen, and so does every liberal mind, that they are perfectly compatible. You have proved this day that this is your feeling. What then must be mine, when I find myself selected the instrument by which that feeling is shewn? It is a twofold source of joy to me; it is the honor paid to the profession of which I am an humble member, as well as the great personal compliment.

Gentlemen, I have now been among you more than three years. I have ever found you liberal and indulgent far beyond my deserts, which I only wish had been as great as the kindness I have experienced, and I only regret that my talents are not a thousand times more deserving of this very high mark of your favor.

Gentlemen, may I be allowed to say a few words in reference to my profession? It may be presumptuous in what I am about to advance—I merely offer it as an opinion—I do not refer to myself solely, but to *us* as a body. I think I can prove to you, gentlemen, that a good actor is a useful member of society—aye, useful. What is his vocation? To impress upon mankind the beauty of virtue, the deformity of vice. That is no mean task, if done with ability. He must have an eye to look upon nature with the poet and the painter—a mind that will enable him to discover the lights and shades as well as the minute every-day traits of character in mankind. His knowledge of the world must be that of experience, and men and faces, thoughts and feelings must be the object of his constant study. Yet his profession is called an idle one.—Idle is it? I wish my enemy no greater punishment than to enter it with that view; the scales, I am thinking, would soon drop from his eyes, and he'd awake a wiser man. But to return. His manners ought to be those of the gentleman, and his acquirements about mediocrity. His path through life is often a thorny one; there are green spots; no man, from his public situation, lies more exposed to the attacks of malice; the world likes nothing better than to talk of his foibles, which are often enlarged and misrepresented as they spread, and the man of innocent habits is often made out a monster of iniquity. But I trust the time is not far distant when the liberal feelings entertained by the gentlemen of York will become generally diffused, and the members of an useful profession, by their good conduct and united exertions, work out their own regeneration.

And now, gentlemen, allow me to assure you that your kindness has fallen upon a heart of wax to receive, and marble to retain, the impression; and wherever I go, or whatever may befall me, the recollection of this moment will never be obliterated, nor the happy days spent among you be forgotten. Individually and collectively I wish you every happiness.

The Star of Thursday contains the annexed paragraphs:—

PARK THEATRE.—*A Debut.—The New Leader.*—Mr. Chippendale's Benefit, and a very attractive bill, for this evening, will doubtless be the watchwords for a grand rally; especially as this is to be almost the last night of the season—Chippendale is a very useful actor, and deserves a good compliment of this kind at our hands. The lady who is to make her *debut* in Knowles's beautiful character, The Wife of Mantua, is very highly spoken of by those who have seen her rehearsals. Mr. Charles Mason plays his best part upon the occasion, that of Julian St. Pierre; and to these attractions is to be added an amateur singer's first attempt in the *James Crow* line; while the new leader of the Park Orchestra, Mr. Hughes, is to make his bow to the New-Yorkers, as Mr. Penson's successor, in concerto on the violin, containing the richest bill of the season.

And *a-propos* of Mr. Hughes. We find in a late number of the London Despatch the following announcement:—

Mr. Richard Hughes, who has for many years displayed such talent as leader at Vauxhall and Drury Lane, sailed for America yesterday, having accepted a highly advantageous offer from Price, who discoverrd, while he was manager of 'The National,' that Hughes was one of the finest musicians, and one of the most indefatigable *masters* in England. Though we rejoice at the bright prospect which lies before him, and though our most cordial wishes for his success accompany him, we feel that his loss will be severely felt, and we grieve that theatricals should have come to such a pass as to render it politic on his part to quit his native land. We can assure our transatlantic readers that, leaving his professional merit out of the question, they are about to welcome "a true, good-hearted, honest man." He *must* be a person who possesses *some* popularity, or he never would have received so many tokens of respect on his departure from the members of the dramatic profession. Three magnificent snuff boxes have been presented to him by those who have had the best means of knowing him for many years.

The first was presented to him by all the principal singers in London at his departure, among whom we observe the names of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. The second was the gift of the Drury Lane orchestra, and the third that of the gentlemen choristers of the same theatre. The lady choristers also made him an appropriate present upon the same occasion.

New Music.—A very pretty song, "*Let's love one another,*" has been sent to us, composed expressly for Mrs. BAILEY, by Mr. W. A. KING. It was sung lately at Niblo's, and rapturously encored.

A PISCATORY YARN.

BY HARRY FLIGHT.

Hard by the little market-town of Willingford, in the county of Norfolk, stands a particularly neat-looking and prettily situated watermill, whose wheels are kept in motion by a branch of the Waveney. Deep meandering and silently glide on the quiet waters; the clean calm surface during the summer is adorned with patches of variegated water-lilies, and its serpentine margin on both sides for nearly a mile from the mill-head is snugly sheltered and screened by high sedges, the alder and the willow. It is to the eye of the Waltonian what the far-famed Billesdon Coplow is to the young fox-hunter, a haven of hopes and promised pleasures. Many are the good days' trolling that I have enjoyed here during the time that pike are in season; and on these occasions, after the toils of the day, my resting place is in the little back parlor of the Black Swan, (the best inn in the neighborhood,) whose walls are adorned with the portrait of "the Prodigal Son," taken at that particular crisis of his fate when the comforts of his master's swine were committed to his charge. *Ne sutor ultra crapidam:* I am no painter, nor critic of his art: if I was, perhaps I might be inclined to cavil respecting the correctness of costume of this wayward young man, for there he's "reclining," like Tityrus, under the branches of a wide-spreading beech-tree, appears with his head *bien poudrè*, his coat a bright unsullied scarlet, and his breeches such as a Meltonian might envy—veritable buckskin, but a shade too yellow. To add to his punishment, his lower extremities are terribly exposed to the rude salutations of briar and thorn, being encased only in blue stockings with open-work clocks and dancing pumps! Seated in this room one evening in the spring of "the year that's awa," I listened to the conversation of a respectable-looking man, whom I afterwards found out to be the resident Exciseman, and who was relating to another "brother of the angle" an account of his visits to the neighboring stream, in search of that diversion of which it was evident he was an enthusiast, although from the mannner in which he handled his subject I suspected his having as yet attained any very high degree in the noble art. "As to those immense carp," he continued, "day and night have I tried to take one, but in vain; never got but one bite in my life; and then he snapped my line as if it had been cobweb." I now ventured to make some inquiries, and join in the conversation, and he informed me I had only to obtain leave of old Giles Martin, the miller, (whom he described as the civilest chap in the world,) to walk in his meadows on a fine sunny calm day, and I should soon be enabled to satisfy myself as to the truth of his assertions, by looking into the stream near to certain turns and holes which he described, and where I should be sure to see shoals of them swimming about apparently tame from a confidence of security: and at length, his imagination warming and expanding as the subject and gin-punch affected his cerebellum, his clenched fist fell with sledge-hammer force upon the table; and, "ore rotundo," he declared himself a true believer in having seen one not far from the Ash-tree turn that weighed from two to three stone, (horseman's weight.)

Taking off, as a commercial gentleman would say, five-and-twenty per cent. discount for the ardor of a sportsman's descriptive powers, on the first fine day after receiving the above information, (with leave obtained,) I wandered forth in search of that portion of the finny tribe that had even cheated an Exciseman, and who now for the first time excited within me a desire of studying their habits, and then betraying them. It was not only a very sunny day in the beginning of June, but also an exceeding hot one—

"There was not a breeze the blue wave to curl:"

all Nature seemed at rest; the lazy cows, up to their bodies in the mill-pool, would scarcely take the trouble to sprinkle the water from their tails to brush away the flies. Coming very soon to the first spot where I was recommended to commence my search for the Dutchman's favorites—(in Holland carp are held in the highest estimation)—I peered into the stream, and on the opposite side of the river, in the shade of an old alder, there lay, like ships becalmed, nine carp, which, according to reasonable calculation, might be put down at from five to seven pounds each, and it was a settled thing with me that many of that lot would soon have an inside place in my willow-basket. Another and another shoal of fish, of the like dimensions fixed my enraptured eye as I sauntered along. "But where, where," exclaimed I, "is the Leviathan?" The Ash-tree Hole was at length within my ken, and approaching it very softly, I peeped into its sides and middle, in much the same way as Peter Pindar informs us a magpie does into a marrow-bone. Poor Mathews used to tell us of a gimlet-eye that could see through a deal-board, and we often hear of men who can see I know not how far into a mile-stone. My visionary organs are not of this description, but by long practice they can discern substances "in the waters under the earth;" and at nearly five feet down in this cavern I perceived a brace of carp quietly cruising about, that for a few momeuts, from their vast size, completely stove in the very small organ of numbers or calculation that I possess; and ere I could recover myself, and sum up the *tottle* of their whole size and circumference, gracious powers! from almost within one yard of where I stood, in calm and quiet majesty, his royal tail gently fanning him along from the shallow water into the "deep profound," glided the Lord High Admiral of the Fleet! Ah, Friend Willows, thou Merman of Fleet-street! thou head Marine tenant! who farm so scientifically old Neptune's preserves—never has thy unsullied marble offered to the choice of the wealthy, or to the eye of the hungry wayfaring man, anything piscatory that could vie in beauty with this inhabitant of the Norfolk stream.... So help me, shade of Izaak Walton, it was as big as Tommy Lye!...... Tommy, do I mean?—I will not be too positive; it is one of the Lye family at all events, and that admission, I hope, will be sufficiently *amolli* to satisfy most of your readers. Having no doubts as to the veracity of the Exciseman, but without the slightest intention of confirming his tale, in a musing mood I retraced my steps; and the charm was not dissolved till I saw the miller's man leaning against the bridge in front of the mill, "taking it easy."

"Fine morning, Sir," said the operative, as I came up to him, "but so tarnation hot that the fish here are all asleep."

"Well," answered I, "if that is the case, I have lost a fine chance of getting hold of one of the biggest carp in this or any other river in England."

"Aye," said the man, with a significant look, "I did not mean *they* carp; catch them asleep, or catch them any how, and you'll be the cleverest chap that has been here these fifty years. Why, I have been in this mill all my life, and never knew but one caught, and that was by my poor old father ..... yonder he lies, Sir," pointing to the churchyard on the opposite hill; "and he pulled him out of a hole in the bank of the river with his hands, and that fish weighed thirteen pounds. We have often gentlemen," continued my communicative friend, "fishing here, and I get them meal-worms, and pick up many a shilling for telling them that's the best bait for them; but they never get one, which is no fault of mine, you know, Sir; and what they carp eats puzzles me above a bit, for by their looks they are not made up of wind, nor water either, Then again the Squire's keepers come once in about three years with nets that will catch anything; but then, you see, they can't gammon these fish into them: if they stow them into a corner, they jump over the net, and once they get into their strongholds in the deep they are safe enough, for I do believe they have caves in the banks of this river that run half under the parish."

On my return to the village, I inquired of mine host and others if they could lend me any treatise on angling, and at length, in the deep recesses of the stores of a one-eyed pensioner, now busied in the amusing avocations of a turner, *part* of a work was found, whose title-page yet remaining, preferred instruction to the young fisherman; and delighted I pounced upon the page on which was directions "as to how you should take the cunning carp;" but as it began with, "you shall take of live dog's fat 2 oz.," it was passed over to other schemes, which recommended grubs, caterpillars, and lob-worms dipt in tar; and the green pea, then in season, was also numbered amongst these certain lures. These were tried for every succeeding evening during the next week with a patience and submission to disappointment that John Bunyan would have thought goodly exercise; but as to lob-worms, grubs, or peas, one might as well have offered a brief to a lawyer without a fee. It was the result of this trial that made me call for help through our old respected Mag. Sportsmen of all classes have ever been ready to stretch forth a helping hand at the solicitation of a brother, and in the very next Number that appeared my call was answered by Messrs. Creel and Christopher Sly, to whom I now return my hearty thanks; and as this yarn is spun by their grateful pupil, they may possibly scan with more interest than the rest of your readers an account of my first day's practice, the success of which was solely the fruits of their knowledge and experience. The preliminaries and particulars are thus recorded in my note-book.

August 2d.—At 8 A. M. got a peep at dear Old Mag.; devoured with sundry pieces of dry toast and ham Messrs. Creel and Sly's instructions, and well digested the whole. In the evening of the same day, as soon as the mill-doors were down, and the stream stopped, repaired to the part of the river intended to be fished, and took soundings. In the course of sixty yards the depth varied from six to sixteen feet, soft bottom, and many foreign bodies appeared strewed thereabouts: but from want of a diving-bell could not be certain as to the fact; returned home, and dreamt of the carp.

3d, 4th, and *5th August* gave rise to the following remarks:—Went down in the evening as before with ground baits, grains, and slices of bread; used them frugally; filled the bread full of shot to anchor them.

6th August.—It won't do yet for a shy: wind dead east; therm. not more than 58 on an average; eyes constantly elevated to the vane on the steeple.

7th.—Wind still East; felt that I should be considerably grateful to the commander-in-chief (Sky-Marshal Æolus) if he would employ this blustering chap in some other part of the world, and send into this quarter the Gentle Auster.

8th.—Prayer heard—petition granted; thermometer rises 15 per cent. as soon as Auster's arrival was gazetted, *vice* Eurus, gone abroad. More ground-baits this evening, and traps all put in order to march at break of day. 11 P. M. to bed; short and broken slumbers: dreamt that I was taken prisoner on the coast of Africa, affixed to a large hook, and floated by bladders in the sea as bait for a shark; the natives seemed to enjoy the fun: to me it was very unpleasant. Awoke, and found "'twas but a dream." Jumped up, and was soon equipped, and by a quarter before 4 A. M. on the morning of the 9th August, by the side of the stream I stood, armed *cap-à-pie*, to wage war with the carp. My bait for angling had been *à la* Creel: some fine old Cheshire obtained from mine host, and mixed with vermilion at the neighboring druggist's, was all in readiness; a pellet of which was affixed to a No. 8 hook, and gently it sank beneath the surface of the waters. Scarcely was time allowed me to look round, when the quill gave indications of a nibble; again it bobs: my instructions were to strike immediately; I did so, and it was evident that something was hooked, and although heavy, it seemed inclined to rise to the surface; but when about mid-way, whir goes my reel, and down goes the fish, for it was evident a large one was struck; but having got to his depth he did not seem inclined to travel; it was not the rush of the pike up stream, nor the arrow-like dash of the trout into shallow water; nothing merry about the motion; all its notions of existence seemed comprehended into one obstinate powerful tug. In vain I endeavored to restore him to animation; it was soon evident, on slacking my line, that the fish was either gone to ground, or that my line was fast amongst the roots of the alders: a quarter of an hour was consumed in fruitless endeavors to extricate my tackle and take possession of the prize. The carp won the first game, and retains as a trophy four feet of excellent gut, a swan-quill float, and appurtenances. Bent new tackle, and removed twenty yards from the scene of defeat and discomfiture, and composed my somewhat shattered nerves with a draught of mountain-dew; and by the time I had humm'd

"Oh nothing in life can sadden us
Whilst we have health and good whiskey in store,"

peace was restored within, and an inclination to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scene, and the freshness of a morning lovely beyond the power of description. "The lark" was "high soaring blithe to greet the purpling East;" the reed-sparrow was climbing amongst the sedges; on the opposite side of the stream, amongst rushes and water-lilies, the moorhen was leading her little black woolly brood to feed, and I began to think a rag of my departed friend Chisel's mantle had descended upon me, as my thoughts wandered from the peaceful quiet that surrounded me to the West End of England's metropolis; and in this way my thoughts wandered:—

Perhaps this very time, from the glittering *salons* of May Fair and its neighborhood is returning some abandoned but admired profligate, to throw himself upon a feverish couch, and plan further schemes of heartlessness and vice; or some woman of fashion hiding herself in the corner of her chariot, dissolved in tears at some ambitious scheme being thwarted, some meanness being detected, or advantages gained by a more fortunate rival. Down St. James's-street, muffled in his cloak, as if to hide him from himself, with hurried step, hot from Crockford's Pandemonium, goes the ruined Gamester .... Splash! ...... what the devil's that moving across the Decoy-corner? Brunecheval! Brunecheval! heu gaze! yonder goes thy lutrine friend, only his figure-head and his topsail above water, and within a boat-hook's length of him his Lady Love. There are no canine foes in these parts to wage honorable warfare with thee; thou and thine must become a prey to the trap or detonator. On drawing up my line, the pellet had been stolen or washed off during the reverie, which but for the otters might have been lengthened for an hour. Another was substituted, and attention to business was the order of the day. In a few minutes the signal was given, and immediate attention paid to it. He was hooked, and made his bolt, and it was satisfactory to find that this time there was a clear stage and no favor. Up and down on the river bank, marching and counter-marching in the space of about a dozen yards for 12 minutes, did my unknown friend keep me, without allowing me to see to what class he belonged. At length he approached the surface, and to my great satisfaction it proved to be a carp, which my landing-net soon placed in all its beauties upon the dewy grass beside me: 26 inches from the snout to the tail—weight, 11 lb. 9 oz. Having disentangled him from the hook, he received the *coup de grace* from a short thick stick between the eyes, and after one awkward flounder, his golden fins and tail gave that quivering motion the certain forerunner of death, and there he lies a dish for old Alderman Apicius.

Two others, varying from five to seven pounds, accompanied me home to a breakfast, for which mine host charged me two shillings, but which certainly cost him four. A letter is put into my hands by Monsieur the waiter. I must be off from this spot with but one trial; but, by my rod and line, should I see another season, by the waters of the Waveney will I again seek present pastime; and with a recommendation how to cook and dress a carp after you have caught him, concludes the piscatory yarn of HARRY FLIGHT.

In the first place, be sure to kill your fish in the manner I have described, and in addition, after having stunned him, cut him through the gills, and he will bleed profusely: this will answer the purpose of crimping, and render the fish firm. As soon as he is brought home, let his entrails, &c. be taken out, a little salt sprinkled in his inside, and then hang him up to drain. The common way of cooking a carp is to stew it; but try the following method by way of a change.

If a large one, cut him in steaks and fry him; if of the middling size, let him be done by steam. To both plans use the following sauce:—

To three table spoonsfuls of Sherry add two ditto anchovy sauce, one ditto best Indian soy; kyan *ad libitum;* let these be treated with the usual quantity of melted butter—*i. e.* a moderate sized sauce-boat. H. F.

London Sporting Magazine.

A TALE OF A SNAG.

I once had some thoughts of venturing before the world with a publication, not doubting but that the nature of the subject and the name—"*Steamboat Chronicle*, or a History of Disasters by Steam on the Mississippi,"—would ensure great success to the undertaking; but upon informing a bookseller of my design, he assured me the work would not do. "There is no occasion for it," said he; "men that are curious about steamboat accidents on the Mississippi have but to refer to the daily papers, each of which is a history—or each of which, at least, contains a history, a never-ending history, of steamboat disasters, published *one chapter a-day!*" My bookseller was right, and I was convinced. I leave the subject to be handled, as usual, by its daily historians.

It was my fate, however, to hear spoken of a story of a remarkable catastrophe, A Tale of a Snag, which, I believe, has never made its way into any newspaper; for which reason, and because it is in some respects very different from the common run of "Deplorable Accidents," I think it worthy of being laid before the public.

The narrator was a very odd-looking and oddly-behaved personage—an Englishman, as he took occasion to assure his fellow-travellers, and a commercial traveller or agent, as I suspected, though of that he himself said nothing. When and where he got into the boat I never knew. I did not observe him until the day he thought fit to leave us; and then it was at the dinner table, where he was suddenly made conspicuous by the act of a Red River Kentuckian, who had migrated a few years before to the Red River country—who, being seated opposite to him at table, drew all eyes upon the gentleman, on whom during the previous five minutes his own had been fastened, by exclaiming with much earnestness and energy,—

"Stranger, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you are the ugliest man that was ever turned out of the workshop of creation!" a salutation which he concluded by a thump on the table that set the dishes and cutlery in commotion.

"Sir-r-r!" sputtered the gentleman in wrath and confusion, "if you mean to insult me——"

"By no means," quoth the son of Red River, with a gracious nod; "but the thing was on my mind, and I couldn't help telling you so." With which explanation, which was doubtless meant to be, as was by the speaker himself considered, a sufficient apology for the liberty he had taken, he fell to work on his dinner; leaving the unlucky Englishman to digest the observation, and the merriment it excited among all at the table as he could. The poor fellow was wofully put out, looking daggers and ratsbane, now at the man who had insulted him, now at those who laughed loudest or stared hardest; and at last, his rage or confusion becoming insupportable, started up to leave the table; when the Kentuckian, who was at the bottom a very amiable personage, perceiving his distress, rose up in like manner, and stretching his hand across the table in the most friendly way in the world, exclaimed,

"I tell you what, partner, I did not mean to hurt your feelings no how; but if you think I've insulted you, I ask your pardon, and there's my hand on it. I didn't know you were a foreigner, or I should have bewar'd the British lion."

"Hall right!" ejaculated the stranger, looking vastly relieved, and grinning under the friendly gripe of the apologist; "hit's all right, sir, and thers's no offence. But I must say, sir, you Americans, sir, are the greatest quizzes in the world, sir; yes, sir, ods bobs, or my name h'an't Sniggins, sir."

Upon which, with a he-he-he, Mr. Sniggins sat down again to his rations, which he appeared to discuss with infinite relish.

This little incident has nothing to do with the Tale of the Snag which I am about to chronicle; but it was important, inasmuch as it introduced Mr. Sniggins to the notice of all on board, and, through him, made us acquainted with the aforesaid story, which he would perhaps never have told, being obviously an uneasy, timorous, jealous-pated man, who would have kept aloof from all on board the steamer had he been left to himself. However offended, as he seemed to be at first, by the Kentuckian's extraordinary greeting, it was plain the apology had set all right, and won his heart into the bargain. From that moment until the hour of his leaving the boat, which happened the ensuing evening, he became quite a bustling facetious personage, making himself very merry on the subject of the national traits of Americans, among which he was pleased to reckon as the chief a villanous propensity to quiz and bamboozle foreigners, particularly Englishmen. It was to this propensity he attributed the Kentuckian's attack.

"The gentleman," he said, "knew he was an Englishman,—any one might know that,—he thanked God he bore the mark of the freeborn Briton on his brow, and the gentleman thought he might get up a little bit of fun at his expense. But he was no Johnny Raw,—he had been in the land before (this was not even his first appearance on a Mississippi steamer;) he knew the Americans, and he was not to be humbugged, no, not he; gentlemen who tried that thing with him, would find it was—'All around his hat.'"

Now, as Mr. Sniggins was no beauty, his person being small, and the several parts somewhat awkwardly put together; his visage, too, uncommonly beefy and rubicund, with a wide mouth, a preposterous nose, protruding eyes of oyster shell hue, that had a suffering, suffocating look, a very oddly wrinkled brow, surrounded by short lint-white hair, of bristling quality, that looked on his ready poll like the pale glory round the head of a painted martyr; I am not altogether certain that the Kentuckian was not speaking his true mind and honest opinion when he pronounced him the unloveliest creature he had ever looked upon. But Mr. Sniggins satisfied himself that the whole was a quiz; he knew the Americans, and they *would* quiz English travellers; the present attempt of the Kentuckian was but a small one; he could tell instances of a much more extraordinary character, and one in particular,—a most astounding case—where a whole steamboat's crew, passengers, hands, and all, had entered into a conspiracy to bamboozle him, under circumstances and at a time which would seem to have made a jest the last thing that rational beings would have thought on. It was an amazing proof of the incorrigible propensity of Americans to bamboozle Englishmen; and as such he would relate it.

It was the dusk of evening, and the steamer was struggling against the fierce current in the bend of the river below Memphis, at which place Mr. Sniggins was resolved to end his voyage. He had followed his friend, the Kentuckian, to the boiler-deck, where, as usual, remarkable cases of boiler-burstings, burnings, snaggings, &c. were told; some of them, as it appeared, *too* remarkable for Mr. Sniggins, who—if the teller happened to fix his eyes upon him during the course of the story—commonly expressed his incredulity (for he really seemed to believe half the stories were invented merely to quiz him,) by an expressive grin, and a still more expressive sweep of his finger round his beaver.

"Hall humbug, gentlemen; can't humbug me!" he exclaimed with great dignity, after listening to a dozen or more very credible anecdotes. "Tell you a better case of bamboozling,—attempted at my expense on this here hidentical river, but no go: shall remember it to my dying day; would have sent an account of it to Blackwood or the Monthly Magazine, but was principled against writing about Americans:—Americans too touchy—tell truth of 'em, fall in a passion; telling lying compliments, nobody cares."

Mr. Sniggins looked around him with a Pyrrhonical smile, drew forth a red and yellow handkerchief, blew his nose, restored the handkerchief to his coat pocket, and then began his story.

"Gentlemen have heard of the steamer Samson Hagonistes? Nice boat, first class steamer——"

"Ay," cried one of the gentlemen present, "I remember her; she blew up somewhere down the river, and went to Jericho with all hands, four years ago."

Mr. Sniggins took off his hat, swept his hand round it once or twice, with a look half smiling, half impatient; and then exclaimed—

"There it is! Americans will make believe black's white, and white black; no mercy on a poor Englishman! No, sir," he added, with much importance, "the Samson Hagonistes did *not* blow up down the river four years ago; but was snagged *up* the river seven years ago. Know all about it, sir; was in her when she was snagged and lost; will remember her to my dying day."

"Well," said the passenger who had interrupted him, looking very well satisfied with the correction, "if you were in her you must know. But I have some kind of notion she blew up."

"Snagged, sir, hawfully snagged," said Mr. Sniggins; "was in her, as I said, and know all about it; though it isn't the snagging I care so much about, it was the humbug that followed after—the attempt at humbug, (for it was no go,)—the attempt made to cheat me into a disbelief of my own senses—a most stupendous attempt, sir! It was on the 23d day of May, just seven years ago, when I took passage in the Samson Hagonistes, at New Horleans bound for Louisville. First time I was ever on the Mississippi, but had been in the country before, and knew the people. Fine set of passengers, but sad wags; had no mercy on me—told me lies all day long, and wanted me to put them in my journal. (Kept a journal then, but took care what I put in it; never meant to print—kept my observations to gratify Mrs. Sniggins.) One gentleman told me it was these here hidentical cottonwood trees along the river that produced the famous short-staple Mississippi cotton—no conscience in the gentleman! Another would have had me believe a great troop of turkeys I saw on a sand-bank were nothing more than turkey buzzards. Told him he was a buzzard himself, and then hasked his pardon, as he fell into a passion. *Was* a little humbugged about one matter:—There was a gentleman on board, Mr. Jones, of some place up the river, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, or Columbia, don't remember which, but said it was a fine country for raising cattle and horses. Well, Jones became my friend, and was a very good fellow, and I liked him; only he swore too hard, and *would* gamble all day long, and sometimes all night. He persuaded me that a young bear, which somebody had tied to the stove-pipe on the hurricane deck, was of the domesticated species, and would play like a kitten; and I went to play with it, and it clawed me, and tore a new pair of drab breeches I had on all to pieces, and scared me you've no idea. Well, Jones acknowledged that was a humbug, as there was no domesticated species of bear whatever; but he was sorry for it, and asked my pardon, and we became very good friends; and he helped me to discover and counteract the tricks the other passengers were trying to put on me."

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Sniggins, "we proceeded on our voyage; nothing of consequence occurring until the night of the 4th of June, when we had got to a dangerous place in the navigation, as Jones told me, in the Earthquake country, which is somewhere above, where the river is so full of snags and alligators."

Here a young traveller interrupted Mr. Sniggins, to assure him there were no alligators so high up the river. Mr. Sniggins touched his hat with a deprecating look; and the other passengers interfered, bidding the youth hold his tongue, as he knew very well that alligators *were* found in the Earthquake country, while the Kentuckian desired him to remember how common they were in the Salt River of Kentucky.

"Yes," said Mr. Sniggins, triumphantly; "I remember Jones told me all about them Salt River alligators, and that they were so tame you could see a dozen of 'em at a time snoozing at any tavern door on the river. Well gentlemen," he continued, resuming his narrative, "it was the night of the 4th June, and we were in the Earthquake country. I went to the captain and inquired if all was safe, and being assured all was well enough, and no fear of bursting or snagging, I crept to my berth to sleep, being very drowsy; for I had been up all the preceding night in consequence of Jones telling me he thought there was something wrong in the boilers, though, as he acknowledged next morning, he was entirely mistaken, and had himself slept quite soundly all night."

"When I got into my berth, the passengers, and my friend Jones among them, were at the tables in the cabin playing brag and old sledge, and all that sort of thing; that is, gambling; and, what with scolding, swearing, whistling, laughing, and quarrelling, they kept up such a din that I found it impossible to sleep. Bore it awhile very patiently, waiting till 10 o'clock, when the rules of the boat, which were hung up in frames about the cabin, required all playing to be put an end to. But 10 o'clock came, and the gentlemen played on. Was obliged to remind them that the hour had passed; no go, no effect, except to make them laugh, and bid me mind my own business. I threatened at last to call the captain to enforce the rules of the boat. Upon this they all got up, saying that if I wished them to cease playing, why, certainly, as I was a foreigner, they would do so to please me; but they advised me, if I valued my safety, to get out of my berth and dress myself, or if I would not do that, by all means not to fall asleep. 'The truth is,' said my friend Jones, 'we are now in a very dangerous place, in the thick of the snags,—the earthquake of 1812 having tumbled all the woods into the river; and besides, it is a dark, cloudy night, and the pilot is a hard-drinking character.' Other gentlemen all joined in, said Jones spoke nothing but the truth, and swore it was their uneasiness, their fear of going to bed while in so dangerous a place, that kept them up gambling so late; for why, they would not go to bed, and they must kill time somehow. Jones asked me if I had a life preserver, advised me to tie my trunks to ash logs for buoys if I had anything valuable in them, and then told me doleful stories of accidents by snagging that had happened in this very part of the river; and the others all did the same thing: never heard so many dreadful stories in my life. Didn't believe 'em, though; thought they wanted to quiz me, and told 'em so, and they went away, hoping I would be none the worse for my unbelief. They left the cabin, declaring they would be near the boats in case of accident.

"Thought they were fibbing, but was a little uneasy for awhile, and then fell sound asleep—great fool for doing so; got dreaming of the last story they had told me,—a most hawful one; and as I heard afterwards, quite true: 'twas of a steamer that was snagged up in the Earthquake country, somewhere near where we then were; 'twas night, the mate had just gone into the forecastle to turn in, when the snag—a tremendous big one—struck the boat, pierced the forecastle, took the mate, just as he was fetching a wide yawn, in the mouth, and 'orrible to relate, came out at the nape of his neck, in which condition he was borne by the snag clear through the deck, twelve feet, and left struggling in the air like a fish strung by the gills to a pole. Hawful accident! never hear of such things in Hengland.

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Sniggins, warming with the story, "dreamed of seeing the mate sticking on the snag, and was waked up with fright. Woke up in good time; heard an 'orrid noise on the decks,—squealing, yelling, swearing; and then, slam-bang,—can't describe it; thought we was running over another steamboat, there was such a grinding, and crashing, and cracking, and tossing topsy-turvy, and I don't know what. heard people scream, 'A snag! a snag!' knew all about it. Jumped out of berth; didn't know what I was about, picked up clothes and trunks, ran out on the gallery, found steamer sinking by the stern—going down like a stone; another steamer alongside, people jumping into her; gave a jump,—fell short—caught by the rail—knocked a tooth out; man drowning caught me by the leg,—kicked him loose—clambered up—tumbled over a wood-pile—don't know what happened—great crowd about me—somebody bled me—lost senses—put to bed; sound sleep all night—woke in the morning, and found Jones standing by looking at me, and asking how I did. Jumped up quite lively, but all over sore; thanked God to find him alive; asked how many had been saved?—saw a whole heap of 'em; all laughed, and Jones said I was out of my head. 'No,' said I, 'I am well enough; glad to find so many saved;—what an 'orrid accident!' 'What accident do you mean?' said Jones, looking at me so I never was looked at so in my life. 'The snag!' said I, 'that 'ideous snag that sunk us! 'ow lucky there was another boat to pick us up! quite a nice snug boat,—what's her name?'

"Gentlemen!" cried the narrator, here looking round upon his deeply interested auditors with a martyr-like shrug and twist of the mouth,—"would you believe it? my friend Jones wanted to quiz me heven *then!* He—he,—you won't believe it!—he assured me upon his soul,—yes, gentlemen, he tried to make me believe we had not been snagged at all! Yes, gentlemen; and the others all joined him, swearing point-blank, (I never did see persons commit perjury so coolly,) that nothing had happened to our boat at all, except running into a bank once in the night, from which we soon backed into deep water. They swore there had been no snagging, no drowning, no sinking, no jumping of crew and passengers into another boat; they swore I was still in the Samson Hagonistes, steaming up the Mississippi fourteen miles an hour! They swore this, gentlemen—they *all* swore it: even then, after that dreadful haccident, they—was there ever such a people?—they thought of nothing but bamboozling me! I showed 'em my bruises (my head was all broke and tied up), my shattered tooth, my bandaged arm; and they—what do you think they said? Why, that—(you'll scarce believe me)—that I had jumped out of my berth in my sleep, broke my head and tooth over the table, and knocked my senses out; and that they had bled me to bring me to life; in short, they swore that the whole affair of the snagging was a chimera,—that I had dreamed it!

"In short, gentlemen, they conspired against me—all of them—the crew and passengers of the Samson Hagonistes; and even those of the boat that had picked us up uniting in the same story. The captain of the latter had, to humor the joke, given place to the master of the Samson, who swore to me, with brazen effrontery, that the boat was *his* boat—the aforesaid Samson Hagonistes,—that the strange passengers (that is, the passengers of the second boat,) were persons he had taken up at a village in the night; and these gentlemen swore the same thing: they were all leagued against me.

"The quiz—that is, the attempt, for it never succeeded—became intolerable. My friend Jones was the only man who admitted (and that in secret) that it *was* a quiz; and but for him I believe I should have gone distracted among them. Never was man so argued out of his senses. Argument failing, they even tried to ridicule me into belief of the preposterous humbug; never was man so furiously laughed at. In short, the thing was insupportable, I could stand it no longer; and feeling myself growing stronger and stronger every hour, and finding that my friend Jones was about to go ashore at a village which we reached about mid-day, I resolved to land with him, to escape what I now considered the grossest imposition and persecution. Ashore, accordingly I went; and there," continued the narrator with emphasis, "my friend Jones pointed out to me, on the wheel-house of the retreating steamer, the last and most astonishing proof of the pains my tormentors had taken to make their humbug as perfect as possible. I saw gentlemen,—what do you think,—what *can* you think I saw upon that wheel-house?" cried the narrator, panting for breath.

"Why," cried the youth who had once before interrupted him, "you saw the name of the steamboat, I suppose.—What was it?"

"No, sir," cried the traveller, opening his eyes to express the intensity of his astonishment, "they had daubed her name out, and painted over it in large letters the name of the '*Samson Hagonistes!!*'"——

"Passengers for Memphis!" roared the clerk of the steamer, as at that moment our hissing vessel struck the shore. Mr. Sniggins vanished from our eyes, leaving all in a stupor of admiration. The next instant he was seen on the bank, with a porter shouldering his luggage, and leading the way up the bluff. The boat had pushed off; the traveller turned round to wave a courteous farewell. His countenance radiant with self-approving sagacity, said as plainly as countenance could, "You see, gentlemen, I am not the person to be humbugged!"

There was no standing that look: it broke the charm that had kept his hearers dumb with astonishment: and a roar of laughter, such as added a year to the life of every soul on board, it was so loud, mirthful, and care-killing, bore the farewells of his late companions to the retreating Mr. Sniggins.

American Monthly Magazine for August.

HOW TO COOK A CHOWDER,

——"Don't you believe that, Cæsar?
No, nor the Fish story either!"

As this is the season for fishing parties, and a fishing party is a sorry concern without the aid of a chowder, we offer free gratis, to all knights of the hook, what little knowledge we possess in the culinary art, in regard to serving it up *secundem artem.*

In the first place, you should procure a sail boat—we don't like steamers for a fishing excursion, because one is deprived in them of all the beauties of the jaunt, in not being under the necessity, late in the evening, of pulling home against wind and tide, all the way from the Narrows, at least. There is no place in the bay of New York called "pull and be hanged point," but we can show upon the chart where there is such a creature—that's the place where we have had to strip to it many a time, and found ourself in a pretty kettle of fish. In the second place, the party should be a *he* one—never admit a petticoat—it is bad enough for a *man* to be sea sick. Carry with you besides your fishing gear, an iron pot—buy it from my friend Tylee, at 238 Water street—a few sticks of wood, and the articles mentioned below, for cooking.

When you have arrived on the fishing ground, take in sail, and see that the land marks bear precisely right, or you may as well have staid at home. These preliminaries being observed, throw out killick, and commence operations. If your craft be a pilot boat, and such is the proper size, there will be room for a dozen lines without interference. They must have been carefully overhauled the night before, ascertained to be in prime order, with a lead attached sufficient to sink, in rough water, to the depth of five and twenty *fadoms*, with ease. Your hooks should be free from a speck of rust, and you may act your pleasure in regard to the number of them; but we prefer three, as that number of fish taken at a haul is sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man. Use clam-bait, quags are best, scientifically shocked, and properly put on. If you are a novice in baiting the hook, apply to the skipper, old John Spinney, and the work is done in a twinkling. When you feel a bite—not a nibble—wait a second, and then give a steady, strong, but not violent twitch, and your prize is secured. Now we are peculiar in our notions about the sort of fish, which makes the best chowder. Some prefer one kind, some another, but there are few that know exactly. Let us inform you on the subject. Keep on pulling in every species wherein the water abounds, till you catch a *cod*—not a rock-cod, but a genuine deep-water fish, exactly such as father Haley, of Smutty Nose Island, carries to market, Lay that fellow aside. Then continue your work till you have taken a *haddock*—a male one, mind you; a female is worth nothing. The cod must weigh ten pounds, averdupois, and the haddock six. Be careful not to use a logy cod, a long, lean, lank, slabsided scoundrel; but a short, thick, stubby rascal, who shows his *ribs*. If you are too much elated with success to leave off work, just speak to the skipper, and tell him your belly begins to cry cup-board. Spinney, having quitted *hellum*, and being in a gentle snooze, will spring upon his feet, and answer the call. The victims now undergo the first act of the *modus operandi.* In plain English, he takes the two selected, to a board, laid across a couple of water barrels, guts them, gills them, scales them, takes out of his right hand waistcoat pocket the fag end of a cod line, always clean as a whistle, measures off as much as will reach from his hand to his shoulder, opens his jack-knife, clips and divides it. He then gashes them one inch distant from the tail—the tail kept on, being the only part left untouched, ties them in a square, not a granny knot, rinces them at the stern, and hangs them on the shady side of the mainsail, where they remain till two o'clock, post meridian. By this time they have become dry and stiff—exactly in the right state for the pot. Two is the precise hour when the mercury expands to 86 degrees of Fahrenheit, and when you find your nose beginning to blister. It is now high time to pull up stakes and be off. Never cook a chowder on board the boat, by no manner of means whatsumever—it does not taste half nor quarter so good. Go to the island that lies a quarter of a mile to starboard; select that place directly under the highest of the grove of trees you see yonder. There is a little nook which we fixed up 20 years by-gone for the purpose. You will see, in the nich, placed, three stones, in a triangular position, fitted exactly for the legs of the pot. We wish we were there to give you instructions; but as that may not be, take this paper with you and read for yourself. First and foremost, select the most skilful among you to do up the dinner genteelly. It is altogether out of character to employ extraneous assistance; so let the skipper stretch himself under the trees, and finish his siesta. Let all but the selected ones employ themselves as they may, with the exception that another must make a pitcher of punch. We could tell you how to do that, but have not time at present. You will then see the appointed cook place his wood under the kettle, in the cub-house order, strike a light with a burning glass (he will not use loco foco matches; that is not according to Gunter any way you can fix it;) and ignite the fuel. He then takes a piece of clear pork, white as a lily—not out of one of your long legged, snout protruding gentry who claim the freedom of the city, but from a two hundred pound granter of the Byfield breed, such as Eben. Parsons introduced into the country. He cuts this up into *rashers*, a dozen in number, each 3-16th of an inch in thickness, and tries them out. He cuts on his board, which is clean and nice as wax, the fish, latitudinally, beginning at the tail, which is thrown aside, and progresses upward to the shoulder, in pieces an inch and a half in thickness. Twenty potatoes are supposed to be at hand ready sliced, in pieces twice the thickness of a dollar. He don't use those of the strong, waxy, watery kind, but is careful to have purchased those called London Lords, better, by a great majority, than the Irish. If he possesses a bit of gumption he will have had the foresight to secure for the important services which he is performing, a string of the celebrated onions exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, last October. They were raised on Long Island, but the whereabout has slipped our memory. If we had one of our friend Wakeman's Journals of December we could tell, and celebrated in history the farmer who raised them. But it is no great matter, for he got a medal, and sold a single string for ten dollars—there is no mistake in the matter; we vouch for the fact. He is careful to have prepared sundry strips of white pine wood, cut about the same size of the back-bone of a boy's kite—one of those little scamps that frighten horses in Bleecker-street. These are snapped off to the exact breadth of that part of the pot where they are to be used as braces. After the insertion of the first set, which must be two inches above the pork, make a layer of the three principle ingredients, viz., fish, potatoes, and onions. This layer is sprinkled gently with pulverised rock salt, fresh imported from Ithica, and pepper from the east coast of Sumatra. He continues his layers till he has expended his materials, and his pot is filled to the top, within say about three inches; but no matter, he need not be very particular about that. The pot is then filled with water to the surface excluding the flaring part of it; we forgot the technical name of this part of the utensil, if we ever knew it. The fire which was only moderate at commencement, just so much having been made as to ensure the pork from burning, he will replenish, and the cod, haddock, and condiments, are fairly under way, not for an epicure, not for a gormand, not for any living soul under the canopy, but him that has sense enough, taste enough, smell enough, to enjoy the enquisite dish of Chowder. Even Sandy Welsh, caterer as he is for the burghers of the New-Netherlands, might learn a lesson, on an occasion of this kind, which would add thirty-three and a third per centum to his reputation and purse. We omitted to mention, as a girl always does to the winding up of a love letter, the most important part in the secret. It is, that the head of the codfish should be retained, and if the operator has forgotten it, as we have done, let him split it longitudinally, and place it on top, serving as an apex to the fabric. After the pot has boiled fifteen minutes twenty-one seconds, will be added, laid very carefully on, six crackers, not fire-crackers, but crackers made of Howard-street flour, baked by Moses Smith, (you don't know him, perhaps—we do.)

By this time you will find every one of the party, and I presume it to be ten or twelve in number, as hungry as a horse. Now is the time for the cook to exercise the powers delegated to him. One will suggest this addition, another that—it is too salt (dipping in a spoon and tasting) or it is too fresh; it wants more or it wants less spicing. Mind your own business is the reply; get your dishes ready; spread yourselves on the grass, and I'll show you what's what in less time than you can fix your clam-shell spoons. A minute more and it is done. The operator tastes it, finds it to his own liking, adds a gill of claret, and the work is accomplished.

Note Bene.—If you wish to know how the chowder is to be *eaten*, you will remain in ignorance till the writer gives you a practical lesson. He did not visit Marblehead and the Isles of Shoals for nothing.

N. Y. Gazette.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE AT THE DERBY.

"Wisdom declined several points—in short, there were no takers."—*Sporting Intelligence, passim.*

The annual glories of Epsom have been so frequently celebrated, that to mention "the Derby" alone is sufficient to conjure up all the associations of the scene, and answer all the purposes of description. Every body, of course, selects his particular day to serve as a model for all. The experienced "Man about Town," whose book was so well made up in 1820, rejoices in the recollection of the days of noses—(the horse, not the prophet, as the Cambridge scholar meant in his memorable reply;) "the Derby" to him is interesting only from its resemblance to that fortunate day—indeed he has no distinct idea of any other. The "pigeoned one," who sadly recalls his losses of two years since, when (as he is assured) even the knowing ones were taken in, broods over that event, and denounces *all* Derbys as the same, in epithets of the darkest significance. The "nice young men" and "charming women," remember it on account of the first meeting or the last parting;—in short, every one tinges "the Derby" with the bright colors or dull shadows of personal feeling, and paints the picture according to the prevailing impression.

We omit, therefore, to describe the indescribable, especially as the past has nothing to do with the particular occurrence of last Thursday.

The importance of "the Derby" is universally recognised; on that day legislation suspends its labors—the Clerk of the Course becomes a more important man than the Clerk of the Crown—the twelve Judges yield to the paramount influence of the Judges at Epsom, and speculation transfers her seat from the Stock Exchange in the City to the Grand Stand on the Downs. Horses go up and Consols go down,—the movements of jockies have more interest than those of generals—and races supersede revolutions.

These are the characteristics of Derbys in general; that of the year 1837 was marked by a feature peculiarly its own.

Those who were at Epsom on Thursday—and who was not?—must remember to have seen a dark carriage drawn by four beautiful grey horses which came on the ground about one o'clock. There was a coronet on the panels, and the livery was not very dissimilar to that of the E—— of B——. Four ladies were in the carriage, and two gentlemen sat on the box. Of the ladies, one was elderly, with high features, and clear grey eyes—another, who had perhaps reached the "mezzo camin' della vita," was of darker complexion and fuller form—a third was young and pale, with a profusion of bright clustering hair—and the fourth,

"Fair she was—there could be nothing fairer."

The rich tint of the rose was on her young cheek, her eyes were dark as night, and her tresses like the raven's wing; Colonel Calicot, had he seen her, would have added that she wore a most becoming pink bonnet. Those who were near enough would have had no difficulty in recognising her as Lady M—— C——.

It is necessary, to complete the description, to particularise the appearance of the gentlemen. The elder of the two, "a goodly portly man i' faith," was apparently "about fifty, or by'r Lady, inclining to three score," with a ruddy complexion, grey whiskers, and a loud voice. The younger who had certainly not numbered half the years of his companion, was tall and slight, with dark mustachios, deep blue eyes, and the whitest teeth that ever were seen. The first bore a strong resemblance to Sir J—— G——, the other might very easily have been mistaken for the Hon. Mr. P——, of the Guards.

That such a party as this should be assembled at Epsom, had in it nothing remarkable, but that the face of three of them should have depended on the result of the Derby was singular enough; such, however, was the case!

Be it known then that both the gentlemen on the box were aspirants to the hand of the fair Lady M—— C—— in the carriage. The Baronet's claim was the prior one, for he had known her from infancy, having been refused by her mother five-and-twenty years before. Perhaps it was to indemnify him for his loss on that occasion that the Countess was not unwilling now to bestow on him her daughter's hand; perhaps because she had discovered that matrimony required for its support something more substantial than mutual love. Lady M——, however, imagined that the affections do not exactly depend on dates, and that hearts are not of necessity to be knocked down to the first bidder; she therefore saw nothing to militate very seriously against the pretensions of the Hon. Mr. P——, who (*par parenthese*) waltzed divinely, which the Baronet did *not.*

The affair was (*mirabile dictu*, in these days of inconstancy) actually one of last year's standing; that is to say, the competition began then. The Baronet had watched the growth of the plant for nearly twenty years, and during the last two, pleased with the progress he fancied be had made, had been on the point of proposing several times, when, just as he had made up his mind, arrived the Hon. Guardsman, and the race of rivalry commenced instinctively. Fancy balls and *fetes champetres* were formidably opposed to heavy dinners and dull conversations; in the former Mr. P—— shone conspicuous,—the Baronet monopolised the latter. Thus the courtship continued, predilection inclining one way, and parental authority the other.

Lady M——'s father, the E——l of B——, is a well-known sporting nobleman; not unfavorably disposed to either suitor, he admired the Baronet's acres, and pinned his faith on his friend P——'s *equine* judgment—in other words, his knowledge of horse-flesh. Unwilling to compel his daughter's choice, he came to the determination of settling the matter by the result of the Derby.

At dinner on Sunday last, the affair was discussed *petit comite*, and the proposition made to the candidates was this—that he who named the winner should carry the lady. We need not observe that the fair prize was to be kept in ignorance of the arrangement.

The Baronet professed himself a judge of Turf matters—he had kept racers and lost money by them, was always in the secret and never won. He determined to back the favorite,—and named congenial Rat Trap. Mr. P—— took the odds against a nameless horse, an outsider; he could well afford to risk £1000, when his mistress was at the same time at stake. If he lost her, he cared nothing for the loss of his scanty portion. If he won, he gained a wife and a fortune beside. His chance was not a bad one, for he had an idea that the favorite was not to win, and trusted to his own judgment to inform him who was.

It was a critical moment, therefore, when the bell rung for the jockies to weigh—a nervous thing when the horses passed in review before the grand stand—and he who had noticed the pale cheek and quivering lip of the young guardsman, when the word "Off" was given, would have rightly deemed that he had "set his all upon their cast."

The Baronet's hopes were not abated—the permanent glow still gleamed on his rosy countenance, and not a hair of his grey whiskers was uncurled. He fancied he already saw Lady M—— in the matrimonial rat-trap.

Three minutes are a very insignificant portion of our "span" of life,—yet how much may be comprised within this space. We all know whom "Time gallops withal,"—and on this occasion, "the pace," we are told, "was tremendous." Every body on the Downs had hopes and fears of some shade or complexion. Money and dinners, and gloves and hats, were about to change owners—what wonder, then, if hearts,—the make-weight of society, should be included in the issue.

Let us end the tale, for the race has been run while the last paragraph was being written; the knowing ones (including the Baronet) were again taken in, and, by the *merest accident*, as every one averred, a horse that nobody dreamed of, one Phosphorus, was the winner. By a "curious coincidence" it happened that the Hon. Mr. P—— had named that horse at last Sunday's dinner, and had even gone so far as to take Sir J. G——'s offer of 40 to 1 in thousands; for, as the Baronet observed, "thousands will do very well for the *trousseau.*"

The *trousseau*, we hear, is already ordered, and we fear Sir J. G—— will have to pay for it, as we did not see him on the box of the dark carriage returning from the races, and *did* see that one of the ladies had vacated her place inside in favor of the guardsman. Which of the fair ones remained, we leave our readers to guess. Reports are rife at the Clubs of a wedding next week between an Earl's daughter and an Honorable Commoner—it is called a *Phosphorus Match.*

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN ABOUT GRAVESTONES.

A TRUE STORY.

"Will you walk with me over the Bridge as far as the Dock-yards? Come, I see you have nothing else to do, Chisel," said my friend S——, as we met on Yarmouth Quay. "I have a vessel there," continued he, "that has been undergoing repairs, and she will be ready by the evening to be launched into what newspaper people tell us is a ship's natural element."

Hooking on, I requested him to back his fore-topsail, (for he was striding away like Parson Adams,) and without much conversation, for it was too hot to talk, we brought up upon a timber-head beneath the shade of the shed that shelters the sawpit in the dock-yard alluded to, and right abreast of the craft that my friend had come to survey. A few minutes elapsed, my friend's eyes were busy upon the different parts of his ship as she stood on her launching ways, and at length he broke silence by calling to a boy whom he saw in the yard in these words:—"Come here, you young scamp!"

"Yes, Sir," answered the lad, as readily as if he had been addressed as an angel.

"Go," continued S——, throwing sixpence on the ground, "to Mother Smith's, at the Carpenters' Arms, and tell her to send me a clean cool pewter pot of Trueman's best."

In the crack of a biscuit the well-polished quart and its contents was placed between us—the lad received coppers for his transit—the porter was offered to me—I blew off the froth, and took a pull; my friend followed, and still there remained a fair portion in the tankard. Old sailors have good noses. One of this class, whom I am about to introduce, no doubt winded the beer, for he came swinging just clear of us, with an axe under his arm, and touched his hat to my friend man-of-war fashion.

"Here, Mr. Kettle," said S——, "will you drink to the success of the launch?"

The ould one *looked* these words—"can a duck swim?" and passing the back of his hand across his mouth, and stowing his quid further aft, he drank *towards* his honor's good health and the ship's prosperity, and bolted the residuum of the porter; and then up went one of his heels as a sort of accompanying caper to his *congé*, and he was about to morris, when my friend requested he would lay-to a bit, and tell me about Dr. Black and the Gravestones.

"*Lector, reste paulisper;*" you must have a slight sketch of Ben Kettle. Whenever I am interested in any one, I like to know what manner of man he is. There ought to be a law passed that correct likenesses of loquacious Members of Parliament should be given at the head of their speeches. Unless I can *see* a fellow talk, I can never get at above half his meaning. Now for the portrait.

Ben might stand about five feet in his shoes, broad shouldered, short necked, and very light in his lower spars. In youth he was bound apprentice to a shipwright for seven years: at the expiration of five he considered he had learned his trade, ran away from his master, went to the West Indies in a merchantman, and was of course impressed into his Majesty's service. He limped in his walk: this was owing, he said, to the limb being sprung in cutting away the masts of a frigate in a gale of wind. He accounted for his face being so terribly scarred on one side, by its having come in contact with a splinter from the Old Ardent's ribs off Camperdown: and the gunpowder spots which further adorned his wrinkled front, he *supposed* was owing to his having been blown up in the Ajax in the passage of the Dardanelles. His glims by good luck were all right, and with now and then a little bit of fresh caulking, he hoped to weather many a gale. "Many droll sights he had seen," but "now the wars were over," and he was again following his trade of a shipwright, in the same dock-yard as when a boy, and where, redolent of pitch, tar, oakum, and 'bacca, he now stood and told his tale as follows.

Addressing himself to me:—"Maybe, Sir, you never heard of old Parson Black of Gaulston? Never fear; old Barebones, who clapt him under hatches about two years ago, has got him in irons and on short allowance, or I have lost my reckoning. Well, this old Parson was on full pay for his church, but that wouldn't do for him; so he had a farm, and lots of fat bullocks and pigs, and he goes wrangling and jangling amongst the butchers about price till none o' them cared to deal with him; so to please you, he builds a span new butcher's shop as big as any two in the town, down by the Harbor's mouth, so as to be handy for the shipping, and hired a mate to kill and sell for him. And what do you think this new shop was floored with? why, the old *willan* goes into the churchyard and unships the gravestones as belonged to poor folks' relations; for he knew the Nobs would not stand it, dead or alive, and claps the *eptaph* sides downwards, and gets the mason to square the tops and holystone the backs, and by this *mercuver* gets a beautiful stone-floor for nothing. Howsomdever, as you may guess, there was a bobbery kicked up; and as soon as the *consarn* comes to my ears, I dropt axe and steers away for the churchyard, and blow me if he had not prigged two gravestones belonging to *my family!* I went up to his house, but I could not find him, and then back into the village, where were lots of chaps standing about talking the *consarn* over. Well, we agreed to a meeting next night at the Globe, and at the time appointed the house was full; but we had no commander amongst us, no regularity; so we all talked at once, and drank, and smoked, and cursed old Parson Black—all jaw and no work; did nothing but get drunk, and parted. A day or two after some of the chaps fell in with the old shark, and used very unbecoming language; but he only made a laugh of it and sheered off without getting overhauled; so thinks I, old 'un, you are so used to get blackguarded that tis nothing to you: I'll try what a genteeler course will do. So on the very next Sunday as came, I rigged myself in clean white ducks, all the same as we used to do when we mustered at quarters on the old King's birthday, and gets into church in good time, and moored close alongside the gallery fire that stood abreast of the pulpit. There was a strong muster this afternoon, for the old man was a capital hand at his business, and all went on as it should do time he was serving out prayers; then he goes aloft and sat himself down for a few minutes, and when he rose up to give his discourse, you might have heard a pin drop. He gave his text from the 3d chap. Heb. and 12th verse—'*Take heed*, Brethren, lest there be in any of you a heart of unbelief.' No sooner was the last syllable out of his mouth, than I jumped upon the seat and stretched out my right arm towards him, and sung out, 'And *take you heed*, Doctor Black, that you bring back my two gravestones to-morrow morning, or 'twill be the worse for you.' This so *disconsarted* the old gentleman that he sat down again, and the churchwarden comes up and gives me into custody of a sarjent, a chap in long blue togs with yellow facings, and a long pole with a gold bird on the top of it, and we walked out together. Well, they kept me in hold that night, and the next morning I was tried by a court martial, Sir Thos. Gooch President, and got three weeks in Becsles gaol."

Grand salaam, and *exit* Kettle.

P. CHISEL.

The Wealth of England.—It is a common error, in this country, to imagine that the riches of England are derived from, and dependent upon, her commerce; and the influence of this great mistake is shown in the many wild suppositions that have been hazarded, touching the effect of our commercial and financial difficulties upon the financial and political condition of the wonderful little island.—The truth is that the merchants of England, with all their great capital and vast extent of operations, hold but a very small portion of the riches existing in the country; and this truth can be made apparent by a few simple considerations. Look at the squirearchy, for instance; the thousands and thousands of country gentlemen, with their comfortable incomes of three or five or ten thousand pounds per annum, derived exclusively from the soil; and the enormous fortunes of the nobility. Estimate, if it can be estimated, the immense amount of treasure in the country, existing in the form of plate and jewels. Why at a single dinner given in London on the 18th of June, gold and silver plate to the value of a million and a half of dollars was exhibited at once; all the property of one individual—the Duke of Wellington. That celebrated personage could have relieved from their difficulties all three of the great American houses which have been compelled to stop, simply by turning over to them his dishes and tureens, and vases and candelabra, without diminishing his income by a farthing; and there are fifty noble ladies in London, any one of whom might have put the Messrs. Brown & Co. in ample funds for all emergencies, merely by making them a present of her diamonds.

Without taking the crown jewels into the account, it is no doubt susceptible of proof that in London alone there are gold and silver plate and jewels to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; and it must be remembered that mighty as is London, the wealth of the kingdom in wrought gold and silver is very far from being central there. An immense quantity of it is scattered among the castles and country seats of the nobility, such as Alnwick Castle, Blenheim, Chatworth, Belvoir, Woburn Abbey, Bowood, and a hundred others which we could name, and among the lovely mansions of the country gentlemen, with which the whole surface of the island is dotted in thousands. Then think of the libraries, and galleries—the immense and almost priceless collections of pictures, and statues, and other costly works of art, in which no country in the world is richer. Why the whole mercantile wealth of England is but an item in her riches—a mere item, of comparatively trifling magnitude. The non-payment of our debt, if it were not paid, which thank Heaven it soon will be, so far from inflicting a mortal blow upon the prosperity of the kingdom, would never be felt or thought of, except as a handy theme for a sarcasm, now and then directed against republican honesty and honour. The fortune of the Duke of Bedford, or Northumberland, or Devonshire, would clear off the whole of it, and nobody but his grace be a farthing the poorer.

Commercial Advertiser.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1837.

"To all whom it may concern: Greeting."

We have this week forwarded a statement of their accounts to those subscribers who appear upon our Ledger without the usual entries in their favor, as well as to sundry others whose places of residence, are remote from the principal cities, or lying wide of the route taken by our Agents, rendering a personal application inexpedient, and in many cases impossible. There are scores of names upon our subscription list whose owners have been long recognized as forming a distinguished portion of the rank, the chivalry, the wealth, and the public spirit of the country: but this so far from operating in our favor, in a pecuniary point of view, has been attended with an exactly contrary effect, inasmuch as their very standing in society has made us reluctant to press unnecessarily upon heir notice any thing so inconsiderable in amount as the claims which circumstances have now made it imperative upon us to prefer against them.

This Journal is now in the seventh year of its existence; since we established it, it has passed into other hands, but on the 1st of Jan., 1835, we resumed its management, and it has since remained under our sole editorial control. And we feel proud to state that it has realized the sanguine expectations of its friends, and has refuted in the most conclusive manner the sinister predictions of those who fancied (and perhaps truly,) that they could foresee in its success results inimical to the furtherance of their interests and the adoption of their opinions. It has been our constant aim, and, (if we may be allowed to argue from the approving testimonials which have been crowding upon us for a twelvemonth past,) we have succeeded therein indifferently well, to make our sheet a lively and piquant, but at the same time A FAITHFUL EPITOME OF THE SPORTING WORLD, in the most comprehensive sense of the phrase. We have culled *materiel* for our task from every imaginable source. Countries the most remote have, in conjunction with those of nearer proximity, been made to contribute the *spirit* of their annals towards the mental repast which it has been our pride to present weekly to our readers. Sources the most unbounded, whether of fact or style, were indispensible for the fulfilment of our purpose, and these have been constrained to yield up their hidden treasures without regard to the cost or labor attendant on their supply. Expenses have in the meantime been accumulating upon us almost unperceived, while even the unparalleled extension of our subscription list has had its share in multiplying our liabilities, without affording, in a majority of cases, any immediate proportionate return. Impelled, therefore, by "a pressure from without," which we find it impossible effectually to withstand, we here make our first serious appeal to the *justice* and consideration of our subscribers, and we *know* that it will meet with a prompt and satisfactory reply.

The lover of the Turf and the Chace is proverbially a man of right feeling and generous impulses, and fortunate do we esteem ourselves that it is to him, principally, these paragraphs are addressed. Unlike many of our contemporaries, therefore, we shall be spared the ungracious task of reiterating again and again the same set phrases of expostulation and reproach. We tell our friends in plain and manly terms, that we require the monies due us to carry out with effect our proposed schemes, for their benefit and amusement, as well as to free ourselves from those trifling embarrassments which have sometimes interposed their irksome presence between us and our editorial labors. *We "expect every man to do his duty."* We have catered for their pleasure with a light heart and willing spirits, and we merely require of them the "sinews of war" to prosecute our undertaking with redoubled vigor.

☞ In their remittances, if our friends will send us Northern or Eastern money, or notes upon the United States Bank, when convenient, they will materially oblige us. When the amount is not such as can be remitted by post, something under it will be acceptable, or if over, the surplus will be faithfully placed to their credit. Where notes of the denomination of five dollars are not to be had readily, any annoyance on that score may be avoided by sending a Ten dollar note and a *new* subscriber! "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

The Long Island "Cracks."—Most of the good ones on the Island are now galloping, and the prospect for the Fall Campaign is splendid. Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS has six up, including *Henry* and *Tom Moore*, and the Polly Hopkins filly. Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS has four, all of which are doing finely; *Fanny Wyatt* is looking particularly well; the others are *Dosoris, African*, and *Bonny Black*. At Mr. WILKES' stable there are half a dozen at work, with *Gipsey* at their head; Mr. BOTTS' *Veto* and two others, and Messrs. COSTERS' *Ajax* and *Cadmus* are in the same stable. Mr. TILLOTSON has *Post Boy* up, with two or three young things, and *Reindeer* and a few more are a-going at Mr. PEARSALL's establishment. Several other "strings" on the Island have been taken in hand, and all are anxiously looking forward to the Fall meetings.

The Jersey Stables have been galloping for a few days, and we hear a flattering report of them. A distinguished Long Island breeder and turfman paid LAIRD a high compliment the other day, by sending him two colts to train. He informs us that *Mingo* is uncommonly fine, and that Laird's lot will come out strong this Fall. Gen. IRVINE has had several very handsome offers for Mingo. Mr. THOMPSON, of Princeton, has *Langford* and three or four others, in the hands of young VAN MATER, including, we hear, Bergen, Middlesex, Somerset, etc. Those who have seen his private or public trials will be greatly disappointed if Langford does not prove the best imported horse yet on our turf. Mr. GIBBONS does not train *Shadow* this Fall, and we hear he has sent Mr. WILLSON's *Tarquin* home to the Island. He has *Lady Hope* and one or two others up. We have not heard who trains Tarquin, but we think we could name half a dozen who would like to do so. Mr. VAN MATER has a clever lot of colts in hand; if they should turn up such trumps as African and Bonny Black, he will not be in a great hurry to sell them at $2500 each.

For two or three years past, *Bertrand* has served from 175 to 200 mares, at $100 each! We are glad to learn that his owner proposes to limit him hereafter to a class of 50 at $200 each. He is standing in Kentucky, where they have an immense number of fine stock horses, including old Eclipse, John Richards, Stockholder, Medoc, Godolphin, Woodpecker, Orphan Boy, Merlin, Columbus, Messenger Duroc, Cherokee, Bolivar, etc. etc., and the following imported stallions:—Tranby, Barefoot, Shakspeare, Claret, Derby, and Contract. It is glory enough for Bertrand to have sired a *John Bascombe*, and a *Fanny Wright*; we had rather breed to him than any horse in the country, if he was limited to 50. Mr. LINDSAY has refused $36,000 for him.

Awful vs. *Screwdriver.*—The heavy match between these well known good ones is beginning to excite considerable speculation. The match comes off over the Centreville Trotting Course this Fall, for some odd thousands a-side. We understand GEORGE SPICER will train *Awful*, and JOEL CONKLIN "*Old Screw.*"

The Mobile Jockey Club races over the Bascombe course will commence on the 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov. The proprietor announces that *commodious stables and litter will be furnished gratis*; and he *might* have added—"in contradistinction to the practice on Long Island and New Jersey, where turfmen, especially, are fleeced to the utmost." It is a scandalous fact, that our racing men are charged monstrously for mean shanties of stables, and made to pay five or six dollars per week for the miserable board of riders and rubbers, while each identical straw is apparently charged for with a double-pointed chalk. We are glad to perceive that several spirited turfmen are determined no longer to endure these intolerable impositions, and are about putting up convenient stables of their own. It is customary at the South for proprietors to furnish stables and litter gratis to all comers; while here, with a single exception, the practice appears to be "more honored in the breach than the observance." Our courses are surrounded by a class of people who not only live, but absolutely acquire a competency in a few years by their outrageous charges for the accommodation of turfmen who attend our races with their stables.

The Club races at Huntsville and Greensboro', Ala., and Columbus, Miss., are to be so arranged, that stables from that direction may attend the races at New Orleans and Mobile. The time also of several race meetings in Tennessee, Louisiana, etc., will be fixed with the same view.

Match on the Union Course.—We have refrained until now from stating that a match would come off in Nov., at the Second Fall meeting, between Mr. SAMUEL NEILL's *Own Brother to Post Boy*, and Mr. ROBT. TILLOTSON's *Own Brother to Coronet*, (by Henry, out of Medoc's dam,) both 3 yrs. old. The match was made last Spring; it is for $2000 a-side, $500 forfeit, Two mile heats. If it was a play or pay race we should have some hopes of its turning out a sporting affair, but as it is, we are fearful one of the parties will pay forfeit.

Charlotte Russe vs. *Lady Cliffden.*—The match for $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft., Four mile heats, between these two clippers, fixed for the Fall meeting at Camden, N. J., is a very doubtful affair, and at this moment we have no idea it will come off. We wish it might. In its stead could not their friends get up a match between *Mingo* and *Mary Blunt?* Do try it, gentlemen.

"*The best Colt in America!*"—There are several that claim this pre-eminence, and though we think there are half a dozen at the North that come near it, some two or three in the Old Dominion prefer very strong claims to the title. In Virginia, our namesake that is to be, (now two yrs. old,) is thought one of the finest ever bred there. He is named in the great $44,000 sweepstakes, to be run over the Union Course next Spring. Then there is Mr. Coleman's entry in the same stake, the produce of Trifle's dam and Andrew, believed to be second to none in the list. There is a Luzborough colt, out of Lady La Grange, (owned by Messrs. Merritt, but nominated by Garrison,) that will be backed for $500, at 1 to 15, against the 44, by a Northern trainer, that has three nominations in this stake under his charge. There is a 3 yr. old colt in Virginia by imported Fylde, that in a four mile trial since last May, cut them off in 7:44 with his weights up. Several turfmen witnessed the trial, and one of them offered $7000 for him, and was refused. He is said to be a perfect picture. He has a *near connection* in the great stakes. The Fylde colt in the $500 stake at Camden has been named *Benbow*, after an old English admiral, and the Luzborough filly in the $300 stake, *Eloise*. They will both be here next Spring. Benbow is considered in the Old Dominion one of the best 3 yr. olds ever bred in that "race horse region:" his fine size, shape, and color, together with his rich blood, will entitle him to rank with any colt of this or any other country. Here's his pedigree:—

Benbow was got by imported Fylde, his dam by Shylock, perhaps the best son of Imp. Bedford—his grandam by Sir Archy—Imp. Buzzard—Imp. mare Symmetry, by Trumpator, out of Young Doxy, by Imperator—old Doxy, by King Herod—Matchem, etc. etc. See English Stud Book. His dam is a remarkably fine looking mare, and her owner has a Chateau Margaux colt out of her, and a suckling by Imp. Emancipation; both cast in the right mould.

There are some imported 3 yr. olds in South Carolina that "are bound to do wonders" if they come up to the anticipations of their friends, and some native bred young things in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, that are considered quite "the best colts in America." *Nous verrons.*

Rodolph's colts, in Kentucky, are described to us as second to none in that State for size and racing form. He served a class of fifty last year, embracing some of the best blooded mares in the State, and in the Fall won his great match with *Angora*. He has served about the same number this season at $200, and will soon be in training for a new campaign and another match with Angora. Although the distance is but two mile heats, this time, Angora's favorite distance, she won't find beating him quite so easy as falling off a log. The match is for 500 Bales of Cotton, 300 forfeit, and is to come off on the 17th of May next, over the Pharsalia Course, Natchez. Angora will have the advantage of superior training, as Col. CLAIBORNE's trainer (Mr. WOODING) is young and comparatively inexperienced, though one of the most promising at the South West. A friend writes from Madisonville, too, that the Colonel has sustained a great loss in the death of his valuable negro man, JIM. He says "Jim was worth five thousand dollars to any owner of race horses. He was as good a trainer as most white men, and more honest than a great many."

Flatterer, the large brown horse, imported by Mr. Westbrook, and until now in the stable of R. L. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, has recently become the property of WM. L. CORBIN, Esq., of Virginia, where he goes in a few days to take up his quarters at Fairfield, under the auspices of "Capt. Jack." With his prodigious speed and ability to carry weight, he will be mighty apt to cut a figure this Fall in the Old Dominion.

We regret to hear of the death, in Kentucky, of *Henry Bascombe*, one of the most promising 3 yr. olds in the country. He was by Bertrand, out of Lady Adams, the dam of Rodolph, and won the Stallion Stakes, Two mile heats, at Lexington, this Spring, beating a strong field of six. He was the property of JAMES K. DUKE, Esq. After his race $7000 was refused for him.

IMPORTATION OF BLOODED STOCK.

The barque *Sardius*, Capt. RITCHIE, from Liverpool, arrived at this port on Monday last, having on board several strings of blooded horses under the charge of ALEXANDER LORIMER and JOHN BECK, two experienced and excellent grooms. They were safely landed on the following morning in the presence of a number of turfmen, breeders and amateurs, and their fine condition was the theme of universal praise. Their appearance conferred the utmost credit upon Lorimer and Beck, and evidenced the great care and attention bestowed upon them during their passage.

The following lot in the charge of Beck, were imported for ELIJAH H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala.

No. 1.—Chesnut mare *Adana*, by Sultan, out of Rachel, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old. Covered by Plenipo.

No. 2.—Chesnut mare by Peter Lely, out of Clinton's dam, by Comus, 4 yrs. Covered by Velocipede.

No. 3.—Bay mare *Amina*, by Gaberlunzie, out of Luna, by Wanderer, 5 yrs. Covered by Glaucus.

No. 4.—Chesnut mare, sister to Puss, by Teniers, out of Cora, by Waxy, 4 yrs. Covered by Muley Molock.

No. 5.—Brown mare, by Filho da Puta, out of The Nun, by Blacklock, 3 yrs. Covered by Stumps.

No. 6.—Chesnut mare *Maid of Wirrall*, by Battledore, out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel. Covered by Stumps.

No. 7.—Bay mare by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. Covered by Glaucus.

No. 8.—Chesnut mare by Chance, 4 yrs. Covered by Glaucus.

No. 9.—Bay mare by Olympic, out of Caifacaratadaddera, by Walton, 4 yrs. Covered by Battledore.

No. 10.—Bay mare by Filho da Puta, out of Henry Masterton's dam, 4 yrs. Covered by Stumps.

No. 11 cast her foal on the 26th July, and died on the 28th; she had been down for three weeks previous with inflammation of the lungs. She was a bay mare by Canteen, out of Gen. Chasse's dam, and covered by Sir Hercules.—This mare was one of the finest in the lot.

Lorimer had under his charge two yearling fillies for ROBT. L. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, viz.:—

No. 1.—Bay f. by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins.

No. 2.—Chesnut f. by Priam, out of Betsey Ransom.

The Emilius filly is a very fine one; the Priam is rather undersized. Their dams are to remain in England, where they are much liked.

Lorimer also had charge of the following lots, imported for LUCIUS J. POLK, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, Tenn.:—

No. 1.—Grey horse *Fop*, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James, grandam by Windle, g. g. dam by Anvil, out of Virago by Snap. Fop is 5 yrs. old.

No. 2.—Grey yearling filly by Stumps, out of Variella, (sister to Voltaire) by Blacklock—her dam by Phantom—Overton—Walnut, etc.; bred by his Majesty.

Also a brace of Setters—a brace of White Terriers—two Bull Dogs—one Bull Terrier Bitch—one thorough-bred Scotch Terrier Dog—two couple of Ferrets.

The dogs are beauties, and could have been sold as soon as they landed for three times their cost. The brood mares, with two or three exceptions, are a very fine lot.

Lorimer informs us that an American turfman, now in England, had offered *Eight Thousand Guineas* for *Plenipo*. The offer was declined.

"WAKE SNAKES!!"

It is rather scandalous that the proof readers of such papers as the Boston Daily Atlas, the Albany Evening Journal, etc., should omit to credit this paper with the original articles taken from it, or credit them to some other journal. The Evening Journal quoted a long article of a column and a half, under the caption of "*A Day's Sport with Mr. Webster on the Prairies,*" without the slightest acknowledgment of its source, while the Daily Atlas credited the same article to the "Correspondence of the N. Y. Times," which was worse yet. The Boston Daily Herald, when it condescends to acknowledge the source of the only clever things in its columns, usually prefixes the credit of "New York paper." The letters of "*Pete Whetstone,*" and those of "*N. of Arkansas,*" are quoted all over the country, but are seldom credited to the source from whence they are derived. The Philadelphia papers copy our Theatrical Intelligence as regularly as the Southern papers do our On Dits in Sporting Circles, and with this difference: the Southern and Western papers almost always give credit, the Philadelphia never; the paste and scissors conductors of the latter are proverbially unmindful of the rule which teaches to "render unto Scissors the things that are Scissors'." Indeed, we have at length become so case hardened to their habitual injustice and disregard of all editorial courtesy, that having set them down generally as a lot of poor miserable devils, and "regular scamps," we allow them to slit and cut up our articles and pass them off for their own, with a philosophical indifference that the graceless rascals cannot fail to appreciate if they have the sense of a brickbat.

"Talking of guns," we would suggest to some of our Southern and Western contemporaries the propriety of their reading statistics by copy. The Southern Advocate, a capital paper, published at Huntsville, Ala., makes the time of Mingo's famous 3d four mile heat 8:47, instead of 7:47, and some of the Nashville papers perpetrated the same blunder. The Georgia and Kentucky papers very frequently pay us the compliment of transferring to their columns copious selections from our own, but as the editors do not apparently read their proofs by copy, the figures denoting age, weights, and time, are misplaced about half the time, so that we see a horse 2 or 9 yrs. old carrying from 86 to 300 lbs., and making all sorts of time of which three figures are capable.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, (Ark.) July 8th, 1837.

DEAR P.—*Mingo* made a brilliant "wind up" of the Spring campaign at Trenton, recovering the laurels the beautiful *Lady Cliffden* had snatched from him at Camden. He now justly occupies the place held by *Trifle* and *Bascombe* ere they were withdrawn from the turf. I would like to see a match made between him and *Rodolph*. In ARTHUR TAYLOR's hands I would go my pile on him.

"The Napoleon" has a *clinker* in *Mary Blunt*, and next Fall she will be a hard bargain for the best. The match between *Lady Cliffden* and *Charlotte Russe* will be one of great interest. If I were to judge of the result by the public running made by both, I should call it a "safe case;" but Charlotte Russe is "*the own sister to Trifle,*" and that is 60 yards in every mile.

JOHN C. STEVENS Esq., has in *Fanny Wyatt, Dosoris, Bonny Black* and *African*, four of the most extraordinary four year olds, perhaps in any gentleman's stable on this or the other side of the *big water*.

I spent my 4th of July in all sorts of ways;—attended a barbacue about 12 miles from town—got there just as they served up the domestic varmints. By the way, let me give you a description: a table made of rough planks laid on cross pieces and forks, stood under a large shady tree; on this sundry pieces of mutton, beef and hog, barbacued in choice style, were laid—large pones of bread cut into convenient plugs were stationed at convenient distances from the aforesaid meat—no knives, forks or plates were visible: on a given signal every man drew his knife and rushed to the attack. I felt for beef, hog and sheep, for the way the "bone and sinew" walked into them was awful. For fear of choking they flung the bald face into them *like suds in a sink hole.*

The liquor worked after a while, and we had perhaps as nice a fight as a man could find in a week's travel. The result disappointed the knowing ones, as bets were 4 to 1 on the fellow that got used up. I strayed out to a crowd I saw gathered a little ways off, and found two fellows yoked at a tight game of old sledge. One was a fellow that has been living in the neighborhood some six months, the other a stranger: he was a "hull team"—a perfect "rouser." I looked on for a couple of games—discerned a few *twists* at the corners of aces and jacks, together with some nail signs across the backs of kings, queens and tens—it was "dog eat dog;" but the stranger fared badly as he was the most *patriotic* of the two, and of course had indulged more freely in "washing out his throat." He was cleaned out.

I put off about sundown to a big dance, and the way we "racked back Davy," and "oh my roaring River," till just afore day, was amusing. It was monstrous hot, and the only chance was to keep the heat out with liquor. About ten the last bottle was emptied. They despatched a big nigger with a big jug, with positive orders to ride for his life. Dark as it was, he knocked off the six miles in about an hour. They gave him a hearty welcome, and pounced upon the jug like a duck upon a June bug. Truly yours, N.

LAUREL HILL, Md., Aug. 2, 1837.

Dear Sir,—In one of your last papers you express a wish that one of the Secretaries would inform you whether there was a meeting on the Marlborough Course the past Spring? We have but one meeting a year over this Course. I send you our notice for the next races, to take place the 4th Tuesday in Sept. We had fixed upon the 1st Tuesday in Oct., but that time would interfere with the Washington Club meeting. You will oblige us by giving the annexed notice an insertion or two in your pleasant Spirit of the Times. [*See note.*]

Our course has much improved of late. Heretofore the time on our course has been bad; but now our saddle horses can do their mile and repeat in 1:58. We confidently expect splendid sport at our next meeting, for although we have not New Orleans Purses, we have "merry hearts," and high spirits, ready to greet our sporting friends from abroad, and bid them a hearty welcome;—and we live, too, in a race-horse region, as the histories of Ogle's *Oscar*, of Bowie's *Democrat, Punch, Sweeper*, &c., of Sprigg's *Partnership*, and old *Lee Boo*, will attest, in former times; and be it recollected, that Prince George's is the birth-place of *Lady Lightfoot, Argyle, Prince George, Louisa Semmes, Atalanta, Agility, Charles Magic*, and *Experiment, cum multis aliis*, too numerous to mention.

We are the present season breeding from Priam, Apparition, Mason's Ratler, Astyanax, and Garrison's Zinganee. The yearling Autocrats are *very* superior indeed—I never saw such from any horse. There are four in the county that would compare with any four in the Union I think, for size, symmetry, and beauty. Zinganee, Apparition, and Tranby, have each very superior *colts* now at the hoof.

If what is written, in your judgment, may be agreeable to your readers, you may use this as you think proper. Yours with respect,

FUN & FROLIC.

Note.—Very glad to oblige you, Messrs. "*Fun & Frolic,*" on the give and take principle, as for instance:—You sent us the letter above, enclosing a printed advertisement, for which we paid three shillings postage; but the letter is worth that, certainly, so we are quite satisfied with that operation. But it is rather too much to ask us to give your "*notice*" "an insertion or two," when quite as clever people are annually paying us from fifty to two hundred dollars for similar "*notices.*" We can let "Fun & Frolic" into a good thing—perhaps. The Advertisement they sent us was cut from the Marlborough Gazette. In our copy of the Gazette, which came to hand about the same time, we found an additional, and, to us, an important paragraph, appended to their advertisement, which was "promiscuously" omitted in the one sent us. Here it is:—

"☞ The editors of the Intelligencer, Washington; Turf Register, and Chronicle, Baltimore, will please publish the above four times before the 1st Tuesday of October next."

Now the circulation of this paper probably equals any two of those named, and so far as Turfmen and Breeders are concerned, the proportion of readers is about five hundred to one. Yet they are to be paid for publishing an *advertisement* four times that we are requested to insert as a *notice*. We think we see ourselves giving it "an insertion or two."

Hard Times.—The Eastern girls complain that the young men are so poor down there that they can't even *pay their addresses!* Boston Morning Post.

NIAGARA FALLS (U. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES

Commenced on the 26th July, under very favorable auspices. Our special correspondent writes that the track is delightfully situated upon a fine plot of table land, immediately opposite the Pavillion Hotel. The weather was fine throughout the week, and the stands and course were thronged each day. A brilliant galaxy of ladies imparted additional zest and interest to the gaiety incident to the occasion. The course is the property of Gen. MURRAY, and the arrangements of the Stewards gave the utmost satisfaction. The following gentlemen comprised for the present meeting the

Officers of the Club:—W. A. CAMPBELL, Esq., President; ALEXR. GORDON, Jr., Esq., Secretary and Treasurer; JOHN C. DAVIS, Esq., Clerk of the Course. The Stewards consisted of Joseph Foote, Henry Murray, Frederick Finch, Thomas J. Van Baerle, John Radcliffe, and Ellsworth Usher, Esquires.

WEDNESDAY, July 26, 1837.—Innkeepers' Purse of $100, ent. $10, free for all horses, carrying their appropriate weights, Two mile heats.

Mr. Beard's bl. g. *Black Swallow*, 4 yrs. 104lbs	1	1
Mr. Dexter's b. g. *Limber Jemmy*	2	2
John T. Zeilley's r. m. *Gentle Kitty*, by Consul, dam by Orange, 5 yrs. 111lbs	3	3
Mr. Moore's b. h. *Hail Storm*, by Contention, 4 yrs. 104lbs	bolt.	
Geo. W. Yarker's ch. h. *Midas*, by Eclipse, dam by Bussorah, 5 yrs. 114lbs	dis.	

Time, 4:06—4:11.

The rider of Midas was instructed not to make a stroke for the first heat, but to drop just within the distance; a brush on the last mile left him behind just far enough in the rear to shut him out. Kitty got away with the lead, but was obliged to resign it to Swallow, who took up the running and maintained it to the end. Limber Jenny made strong running for the second heat, but lost it by half a length. We are in doubt whether the two geldings have any pedigrees at all; none accompanied the report of this race.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Farmers' Purse of $50, ent. $5, free only for team horses regularly worked, and bred in the District of Niagara. One mile out.

Dr. Lafferty's gelding beat two other entries in 2.11.

THURSDAY, July 27.—Niagara Falls Purse of $150, ent. $15, free for all. Three mile heats.

Geo. W. Yarker's ch. m. *Rival*, by Eclipse, out of Jane-on-the-Green, by Imp. Expedition, aged, 123lbs	1	1
John T. Zeilly's gr. m. *Effie*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 6 yrs. 119lbs	2	2

Time, 6:27—6:12.

A pretty good race; the 1st heat was won easily by the Long Island mare, and the 2d by half a length. The winner, if we mistake not, was bred by JAMES BATHGATE, Esq., of West Farms.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Colts' Purse of $25, ent. $2,50, for 4 yr. olds and under, owned in the District of Niagara, Mile heats, catch weights.

Mr. Clement's ch. f. *Crazy Jane*, by Messenger Duroc, 4 yrs	1	1
Mr. Watkin's b. f. *Victoria*, by Cansicum, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. Lafferty's b. f *Black Eyed Susan*, 4 yrs	3	3

Time, 2:09 each heat.

FRIDAY, July 28.—Ladies Purse of $50, ent. $5, free for all horses owned in the Province. Gentlemen Riders. Weight 168lbs. Mile heats.

Col. R. Hamilton's gr. h. *Hamiltonian*, by Eclipse, aged	Frederick Finch, Esq.	3	1	1
Mr. Dexter's s. h. *Harry Bluff*, 5 yrs	Mr. Davis	1	2	3
Geo. W. Yarker's ch h. *Midas*, 4 yrs. pedigree before	Alex. Gordon, jr. Esq.	4	3	2
Mr, Dutcher's ch. h. *Ohio*, aged	Owner	2	4	4
W. Dickson's r. g. *Sir Francis*, aged	Mr. Rawl	5	5 dr	
Mr. Clinch's b. h. *Bolting Johnny*, 4 yrs	Mr. James	6	dis	

Time of 1st heat not kept—2d, 1:58—3d, 2:08.

From the fact that gentlemen riders were to show their skill in bringing home the entries for the Ladies' Purse, the race created a great excitement. The course was thronged with all the beauty and fashion of the neighborhood. The race was spiritedly contested, and resulted differently from the general expectation. Old Hamiltonian, now 13 yrs. old, was entirely out of the betting, not having been in training more than ten days. The odds were in favor of Mr. Yarker's Midas. The riders displayed a good deal of scientific horsemanship, and when Mr. FINCH landed Old Hamiltonian first at the Judges stand the third heat, he was greeted with prolonged cheers.

SAME DAY.—Match, $200 a-side, Three mile heats.

Geo. W. Yarker's ch. h. *Midas*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1
Mr. Field's b. h. *Bolting Johnny*, 4 yrs	dis

Time, 6:50.

SAME DAY.—Match, $100 a-side, Mile heats.

Mr. Moore's b. h. *Hail Storm*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Cost's b. h. *Count Piper*	2	2

Time, 1:58 each heat.

SAME DAY.—*Trotting Race* for the Stewards' Purse of $75, ent. $7,50, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Hulbert's b. g. *Bay Bottom*, aged	2	2	1	1	1
Mr. Bernard's b. g. *Rob Roy*, 6 yrs	1	1	2	2	2

Time, 3:15—3:17—3:10—3:20—3:31.

A combination between the proprietors having been proved, the Stewards withheld the Stakes.

The foregoing report is not so full as we should have desired, the pedigrees being especially defective, while the weights are not given in all cases, as they should have been.

We are glad to hear that a strong feeling is awakened in the Canadas in relation to the improvement of their blooded stock, especially in the Upper Province. Clubs, no doubt, will soon be organized at Toronto, Niagara, and Hamilton. The number of thorough bred horses is limited, owing to the lack of public money to be run for, but many of the more intelligent farmers, and the wealthier agriculturalists, stand ready to commence breeding for the turf so soon as inducements shall be offered by racing associations.

TROTTING AT ALBANY.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—*Trotting on the Troy Road.*—A trial of speed was had on this road on Thursday afternoon, which excited considerable interest among the admirers of that noble animal, the horse. A friend who was present has furnished us with the following particulars:—

Our excellent friend, Alderman ———, prided himself upon owning a pair of spanking bays, which could trot their mile in about 3:30—his more youthful nephew, Dr. ———, did not like to be outdone, and in fact was jealous of his uncle, he therefore sought out and purchased a pair of spirited greys, which he was satisfied *ought* to beat his uncle's bays.

Some bantering took place, although neither party were disposed to bet much, and we believe no bet was made between them. Thursday afternoon was fixed upon for the trial, and at six o'clock the horses were upon the ground, each pair attached to a light wagon containing two persons.

At the appointed signal the competitors went off in fine style, and the heat was won by the Alderman's bays in 3:36. The Doctor's driver, however, was not satisfied, and averred that he had lost at the start, in not distinctly hearing the word. Whereupon our friend the Alderman proposed that it should be tried over again, thereby giving an opportunity of testing the bottom, as well as the speed of the animals. The proposition was acceded to, and the same result was produced in 3:40. The doctor then gave up the point, and acknowledged that the "old un" was too much for him.

A large concourse of people were assembled to witness the sport. The match is said to have been a very fair one, and considering the circumstances, the time was certainly good. Daily Advertiser of last Saturday.

Stud of John Jaquelin Ambler.

Of GLENAMBLER, near Lynchburg, Virginia.

No. 1.—B. m. *Multa Flora*, foaled in the Spring of 1826; she was bred by the late Edmund Irby, Esq., of Nottoway Co., Va., at whose sale she was bought by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., who subsequently sold her to her present proprietor.

Multa Flora was got by old Sir Archy, out of Weazle, who was got by Shylock out of Mr. Irby's favorite old mare, (the dam of Woodpecker—Calypso—Laurel—Thaddeus;—his full brother;—Reaphook—and Contention) who was by the imported Daredevil, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by Wildair: her g. g. grandam by Botte & Macklin's Fearnought, g. g. g. grandam by Godolphin, g. g. g. g. grandam by the imp. horse Hob or Nob, g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Jolly Roger, (known in England as Roger of the Vale), her g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by the imp horse Valiant, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Tryall, who was got by the imp. horse Morton's Traveller, out of the imp. mare Blazella, who was got by Blaze, out of Jenny Cameron—Blaze was got by Flying Childers, and he by the Darley Arabian.

HER PRODUCE.

1830, failed to Wm. R. Johnson's Medley.
1831, in the Spring, failed to Wm. R. Johnson's Medley.
1831, in the Fall, failed to American Eclipse.
1833. ch. f. *Spangle*, foaled 24th May (the day on which died the Virginia orator John Randolph, of Roanoake). She was by Orphan Boy, who was got by old Sir Archy out of the dam of Bolivar, and the celebrated four mile mare Beggar Girl.
1834. b. c. *Saxon*, by the imp. horse Fylde, foaled 30th May.
1836. b. f. *Miss Jaquelin*, by the imp. horse Chateau Margaux.
1837, failed on the 15th March to the imp. horse Zinganee.
1837, stinted June 11th to the imp. horse Shakspeare.

Glenambler, July 27, 1837.

A married lady in Kentucky when invited to waltz replied, that "she had hugging enough at home." What excuse can the *young* ladies have?

THE JAUNT OF THE ARIEL.

We stated last week that at 3 o'clock on the morning of the previous Tuesday, the Association Club Boat "ARIEL" left town for Albany. Letters are before us from two of her crew to a mutual friend here, from which we quote a paragraph or two:—

"HUDSON, (Thursday,) Aug. 3, 1837.

"Well, here we are, that is, all the *Ariels*, just up from a dinner that was capital, and accordingly relished. Thus far we have enjoyed ourselves in a way altogether *cautionary*. The weather has been against us, having been exceedingly hot and sultry. The first day we laid by for about six hours, notwithstanding which we reached West Point at a quarter before nine in the evening."

"We set off early in the morning, and pulled up to Newburgh before breakfast, the *Highland Wave* and *Corsair* escorting us a little way."

"We left Newburgh at half past 10, and arrived at Po'keepsie at 12 o'clock. We dined here—laid off until after six, and then, escorted by the *Washington*, pulled for Hyde Park, where we drank with the "*Po'keepsie Loafer*," (who, by the by, are very gentlemanly, clever fellows,) and then pulled for Kingston, where we remained all night. This morning (Thursday) we pulled up to Hudson, where we arrived about one o'clock, just as a shower commenced. If it clears up, we shall proceed to Albany this evening, it being only thirty miles. So you see we have completed our task (or shall do it,) in three days, and that, too, by lying by in the middle of the day, and rowing in the morning and evening. We have had the extraordinary ill luck to have the tide against us all the way, if we except about 20 miles."

"We have just received a polite letter from the *Knickerbocker Club* of Albany, tendering their house for our boat, etc. while we remain in their city. They are to meet us below the city and escort us up."

"We have had every possible attention shown us, and feel 'about as good as new,' after a pull of three days."

"*Still later*."—Extract from a letter from Troy:—

"We left Hudson at 3 o'clock on Friday morning, and rowed to Castleton, 22 miles, to breakfast, against a strong north-wester. At 11 o'clock started for Albany, and in a few minutes came in sight of an old acquaintance—the *Arrow*, (formerly the *Wave*,) of the Knickerbocker Club. After exchanging courtesies, they invited us to Vandyke's Landing, where they had refreshments ready prepared for us. The artillery of champagne corks was well served, and told with effect on the enemy. We found them tip top fellows, and no mistake. At 4 o'clock we started for Albany, about five miles distant, where we landed amidst the cheers of thousands. After mooring our boat alongside of the Arrow, we proceeded with our escort to the City Hotel—changed our toggery, and were 'on hand' for tea, instead of which, each of the Knickerbockers seized his man, and we were led willing prisoners into a large dining-room, where we set down to a most sumptuous banquet. Supper over, 'by way of a slant,' we all drove out to Lebanon Springs to enjoy the romantic spectacle of pretty ague-shaking quakers by moonlight. By John-Rogers-and-his-nine-children-all-at-the-breast, it was a sight!"

"After dinner on Monday, escorted by the Arrow, we pulled up to Troy. We did not expect to find any interest manifested in our behalf at this fine little city, as there are no boat clubs here, but were agreeably disappointed, being saluted as we neared the wharf by a general discharge of swivels *and cheers!* A store had been prepared for our boat, and we were invited to the —— Hotel, where we partook of refreshments."

The Troy Daily Mail has the following notice of the *Ariels*:—

"The *Ariel*, agreeably to our announcement, paid us a visit yesterday afternoon, much to the gratification of all who beheld her. Her gentlemanly crew seemed perfectly at home in their noble exercise. Several of our younger citizens took possession of them in a brotherly way, assisted in the housing of their boat, tendered them the hospitalities of the city, and endeavored to make them at home amongst us; they were induced to remain with us over night; to day we learn they will make a trip to Lansingburg and Waterford. Their names are J. Holmes, Jno. R. R. Mumford, W. E. Stoutenburg, M. L. Baker, Alfred Sayre, Jno. Aspinwall, and A. B. Kingsland."

We quote again from the letters before us:—

"It was our intention to remain here (Troy) for a few moments only, intending to go on to Lansingburgh, but were finally induced to extend our jaunt no farther up the river, having already attained about 170 miles. In the evening we were invited by the *Troy Citizens Corps* to set down to a cold collation. It was a grand affair; we had both vocal and instrumental music. The circling glass, with toast and song, went gaily round—wit, conviviality, and mirth were the presiding deities of the assembly, from which all retired at a late hour, as I trust, mutually pleased with each other and the occasion that brought them together."

We leave the Ariels in good hands at Troy. They expected to attend the Po'keepsie Regatta *as spectators* on Friday, and may be expected in town on Monday. Merry times to them wherever they are.

BOAT RACE AT MOBILE.

A correspondent writes to the following effect:—

Inclosed I send you the Mobile Examiner of the 17th ult., containing an account of the boat race which came off there the day previous between the boats *Seadrift* and *Phœnix*. The Seadrift was built last November, by Mr. James Crawford of Philadelphia, and the Phœnix, in New-York, last Feb., by Corlis—[query Crolius?] Most of the crew of each boat were formerly attached to Clubs in New-York or Philadelphia. The Seadrift is forty feet in length, and can row 10 oars; in this instance she rowed but six. The Phœnix is built for six oars, but rowed only four on this occasion. They are to try the matter over again shortly.

We annex the report of the Examiner:—

The Boat Race.—The trial of speed between the *Seadrift* and the *Phœnix*, came off yesterday evening at the appointed hour, terminating in favor of the former. The time was 12:50, and by the latter, 14m. The Seadrift was manned by six very handsome, spirited young fellows, (the ladies called them "pretty boys") and the Phœnix by four athletic gentlemen, more advanced, all acknowledged and experienced *amateurs*. The contest, though too easily won by Seadrift to inspire that deep interest and breathless anxiety, often felt by spectators on similar occasions, was not without its pleasures to all. The spectators enjoyed it well—the successful competitors were delighted, and drank in the Champaigne and ladies smiles and glances (ye Gods! what an intoxicating draught!) with such unrestrained profusion as to turn the eyes and mouths of many a wishful bystander into fountains of living water; while their less fortunate companions, like ancient Romans in their grave dignity and white shirts, cheered with those who were cheery, and drank to their own better success hereafter.

The aspect of rain detained many at home who were exceedingly anxious to witness the novel scene—novel at least on the waters of Alabama, where a like event never before occurred. The wharves, decks of steamboats and vessels, were covered, and along the whole extent of the city from every window that looked towards the river, looked out a family of heads.

Hereafter we shall have an increase of this amusement; ladies will lose their fears of drowning, wet feet, and deep water, by riding out on moonlit evenings with some gallant member of the Seadrift or Phœnix. *Amateur* will become the modern term for *Gondolier*, and the scenes which have given an endless fame to Venice, may one day thrill the youthful mind with poetry, love and romance at the bare mention of Mobile.

Regatta.—Besides the great affair which came off at Poughkeepsie yesterday, the Delaware Boat Clubs have had a meeting at Philadelphia, and appointed the 22d inst. for the Grand Regatta. Distance from Rice's wharf, Kensington, to Chester, and return.

We are requested to state, that Mr. DANIEL PALMER, the trainer, is at present at his father's residence, in Po'keepsie, in a feeble state of health. He is *not* the correspondent of this paper over the signature of "*Zoloe*," neither is his brother, JAMES W. PALMER, now in Kentucky, as we hear, though "Zoloe" must have derived considerable information from him. As to the names of our correspondents, as Billy Black says, "we never gives nothing up."

ENTERTAINMENT.—A bill was presented to a traveller who had put up for a short time at a tavern in the western part of Wisconsin, which read thus:—

Mr. ——— to ———, Dr.
To 2 suppers, 2 lodgings, 2 breakfasts, and 3 pecks of oats $6 00

"What," said the traveller, "only six dollars?"

"Oh," replied Boniface, "as we had no hay for your horse, and as you slept in the bed of our black man, who has gone out to buy some dogs of the Indians, I have been rather moderate, and hope you will say a word in our favor when you get in the vicinity of newspapers."

The *Po'keepsie Regatta* probably came off yesterday at 3 o'clock. Among the six oared boats likely to start for the prize were the *Washington* of Po'keepsie, the *Erie*, *Gondola* and *Sylph*, of this city. The three last are independent Clubs. It is expected that three or four others will be entered from this city, Brooklyn and Newburgh.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing paragraph we have been apprised of the annexed entries, etc.:—

Prizes $200 and $100.—The four boats entered, and the dress of the crews are as follows:—

ERIE—Lead color; dress, blue and white.
GONDOLA—Black, gilt stripe; dress, blue and white.
SYLPH—Same color and dress.
WASHINGTON—Black, gold stripe; dress, blue and white.

The other boats spoken of as likely to be entered are the Robert Bache, the Seadrift, and Metamora.

The next race is to be between four-oared boats, for a purse of $50, and will come off after the other. The following boats are entered for it:—

AMERICAN—Lead color; dress, blue pantaloons, white shirt.
BROOKLYN—Black and white; dress, blue stripe; manned by the (brothers) Roberts.
WHITEHALL—Black, blue stripe; dress, white, faced with blue.
ELM—Red, gilt stripe; dress, white, black, and red stripes.

Besides these, the Red Rover is spoken of as likely to contend.

GOING A FISHING.

Mr. Fitzgig was a valiant bachelor;

Abide you yet, abide you yet
You little know what'll betide you yet.

Mr. Fitzgig made a Mrs. Fitzgig of Miss Serena Pump.

The marriage noose will make you fret,
And a wayward wife will tame you yet.

Mr. Fitzgig had seen manifestations of Miss Seraphina Serena Pump's energies; for he was present when she took the cat by the tail which had scratched her, whirling it two or three times round her head, and slung it whizzing and crashing through the window into the street. The lover, however, nothing doubted of his abilities to make a good wife of Miss Seraphina—

But what is there by sea or land
That can a wayward woman stand!

Alas for Fitzgig! Fiery ladies may be beautiful, so may a kicking poney, but tame them if you can. Fitzgig in two weeks was metamorphosed into "only my husband." He struggled hard, but who can resist fate? "I'm going out of town a fishing to-morrow, my dear," said Fitzgig, as he buckled on his stock before the glass, early one morning; "but I'll be back my darling, soon the next day." "No you don't, my love," shrieked Mrs. Fitzgig as she sat bolt upright in the bed; "I see how it is—tired of your poor wife already; yes, tired, I say tired!" So Mrs. Fitzgig sprung out of her nest, lifted up a pitcher of water, and smashed it all to pieces on the floor. Fitzgig repeated in tremulous tones, "I'm only going a fishing!" The basin followed the pitcher. Mrs. Fitzgig seized the looking glass, and ejaculated with a significant glance, "going a fishing!" What could Fitz do! The war was unexpected, and he had not calculated the cost. "No, I believe I ain't going a fishing!" Mrs. Fitzgig saw she had made an impression. Her military genius whispered to her to follow it up. "Ah, you only say that to deceive your poor neglected wife, there's some mistress that's the fish, and you want to sneak off." Now Fitzgig looked conscience stricken. "You are going a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig," said she, and crash went the mirror against the wall. Mrs. Fitzgig commenced dressing, tore the things, upset the table, whirled the lamp at a picture of the delights of wedded love, which graced the walls, and with unwashed face, slammed the door, and marched down stairs, repeating the word "fishing" as she passed. Fitzgig sat on the bed for an hour, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage. At length he sneaked down. "Good morning, Mr. Fitzgig—going a fishing Mr. Fitzgig?" "No, dearest Seraphina Serena, I ain't a going a fishing; I want my breakfast." "No breakfast here, Mr. Fitzgig. Sally and Thomas, all gone, gone a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig. If you want breakfast, get it yourself." The battle was over—Fitzgig, previously broken by breakage of the brittle ware up stairs, had little spirits left, and punishing him in the bread basket was attacking him in the tenderest part. He sued her for forgiveness, and after two hours of solicitation she suffered him to kiss her unwashed cheeks. Fitzgig was changed at once into "only my husband," the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries, goes errands, lugs bandboxes and bundles, and smirks and looks dutiful.—Before he was broken in, he used now and then to grumble and get sulky; but then Mrs. F. was wont to give him such a look, and whisper in so stern a voice—*Don't you want to go a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig*—alas for poor Fitzgig!

From the Paris Sunbeam.

SPITFIRE'S ADVENTURES.

I suppose, Mr. Editor, you concur in the general received opinion that horse jockeys are rogues *ex officio*, and Yankees rogues from instinct. Now, Sir, I am a Yankee horse jockey, and if the opinion before mentioned is correct, you will allow that I am a fair match for old Saotic himself.

Some dozen or fifteen years since, when horse-racing and trotting matches were not prohibited in Massachusetts, I owned a little Narragansett mare, that knew more than my wife and son Tom together. She had the spirits of thunder and lightning, but no beauty to speak of. When I first bought her ropes wouldn't hold her, nor fences keep her within bounds. I tried gentle usage and good feeding, but she grew ferocious and poor. I tried flogging and starving, and she remained amiable and gained flesh. In short, she was one of the devil's be auties, and I let her have her own way, and she soon deserved greater honor than a Roman consulship.

About the time the mare and I came to a good understanding there was to be a purse race on the Roxbury course, and I thought I might just as well make a few dollars as not. So I put Spitfire into the old horse-cart, threw in a few notions, and such other things as was necessary, and started for Boston.

I sold out right well, and with a pocket-book sufficiently lined, went on the race ground. Spitfire knew well enough what was going on, so she shammed lame, and looked as if she didn't know oats from bog hay.

"Gentlemen," says I, giving Spitfire a cut to get her into a trot, "you've had some good running here. You needn't turn up your nose at Dobbin. She can run like everything, I tell ye. If you want to lay a small sum I am ready for you."

"We don't put our blood horses against such a *thing* as that for nothing. If you have a hundred dollars to lose down with it, or else get out of the way."

"Hundred dollars!" cried I; "that's a great deal of money.—But I've got a little of my own, and some that belongs to one of my neighbors, so I don't care if I try."

Seeing that I was in earnest, they took out the money—I did the same, and it was deposited with the umpires.

"Who is to ride your skeleton?" said one buck with a sneer.

"I guess I shall ride her myself. I does all Dobbin's mountings."

So I drove a little one side—untackled Spitfire—took off a heavy pair of shoes fitted for the occasion—opened a box in the horse-cart, and put an elegant saddle and brible on Spitfire—pulled off my frock and trousers, and appeared on the ground in a pair of buckskin tights, and a jockey cap and a jacket.

"Gentlemen," said I, speaking in a different tone, "I rather think I'm ready for you now."

They looked a little astonished, but there was no alternative; and after some hemming and hawing, we started. The race was for one heat of a mile only.

The horse that I ran against was a noble-looking creature—long neck, slender legs, well-opened nostrils, and an eye like an antelope, but he was no match for Spitfire. I gave her the reigns—perfectly content to risk the hundred dollars on her management. She ran forty or fifty rods just to try the speed of her antagonist, and then checked herself, and suffered the horse to come up and go a few rods past—then thinking apparently that she had no time for further trifling, off she started, and soon passed the borse, coming in thirty yards ahead. Pocketing the two hundred dollars very coolly, I marched up to my gentlemen jockeys—

"Take one word of advice from a man who is from as far down East as the best of you:—*Never bet hereafter unless you know your man.*"

As I walked Spitfire off the ground, I heard one of my friends mutter—"A dead bite, by ——!"

EXTRAORDINARY ABSENCE OF MIND.—A few days since a gentleman, who had been gunning in the neighborhood of Verplank's Point, went into the hotel there to await the arrival of the boat to convey him to this city. While there, some person remarked that the contents of his game-bag were rather unsavory, which on examination proved to be the case, and the sportsman said he would throw them in the river. Just then the boat came puffing along, and the gentleman ran down, but reached the wharf only just as she was putting off. He immediately threw his game-bag and contents on board the boat, and jumped in the river himself. He was with difficulty rescued, having received nothing more serious than a good ducking and a pretty severe fright. Courier & Enquirer.

A lady who had boasted highly of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him with—"Charley, will you have some more beans?"

"No," was the answer of the ill-mannered cub.

"*No*," exclaimed the astonished mother. "*No what*?"

"No *beans*, ma," said the sweet creature.

Underbidding.—A Frenchman assured one of our friends that his countrymen never buy an article at the seller's first price. "For instance," said he, "one of them came into my store the other day and priced a pair of silver buckles. I asked seven dollars. 'Eleven! I give you nine.' 'Seven is the price, sir, not eleven.' 'Seven! I give you five.'"

THE WHITE HAT.

A SKETCH OF A PADDINGTON COACHMAN'S CONVERSATION.

So the gentleman puts on master's 'At, and says he, "*how* dye think I looks in a white 'At?"

"Why," says master, "you looks very like a man I knew once of the name of Moore." Cause you see, I lived at that time with a gentleman of the name of Browne, who kept a couple of *nice* horses and a dennet, only one on 'em was a regular miller, if so be, you went nigh unto him in the stable, without his knowing who you was; for one day master goes down to Finchly, to see an old gentleman, what had two daughters, one on 'em was a *nice* black-eyed little girl—and he sends me to the Greyhound, at Hendon, close by the church, to tell 'em to have a beef steak and oyster sauce by the time we comed back, he was a rare chap for oysters, and they were a coming well in, though I can't just recollect whether it was September or October, though you may be sure it warn't in July or August, 'cause there never is no oysters, except when the month have got an h'ar in it; so when I comes to Finchly I sees master a walking on the lawn with one of the young tits, a looking so Samy Andrews, that no one would have thought he knew what a beef steak was made of, and I'd just a told him I had done has h'ed a telled me, when up comes the little fat punchy chap, what was the gentleman of the house, and says he to my master, though he was so much out of breath he could'nt well speak, but says he, a gasping at every word, to my master says he, "that ere, Mr. Browne, is a terrible 'orse what you've got."

"Why he an't a 'orse," says my master a looking green, "he's a 'unter," for master always loved a joke, only I a'nt a told you the best joke yet.

"I don't know," says the gentleman what owned the house and was father of the little black-eyed girl master was Samy Andrews on, "I don't know," says he, "the rights on't, whether he be properly an 'orse, or an 'unter, or an 'unter, or an 'orse; but I knows he've a broken two of my footboy's ribs, and it's the most ungenteelest thing to bring a wishous 'unter, what so soon as our Bill goes to tie him up, makes no more to do, but takes one of his hind fists and give him such a punch, as sends 'em clean over the water bucket, right into the corn bin."

Now what do you think my master said?—why, says he, without a laughing, only just giving a sly look at me—why, says he, "he does kick 'ard sometimes."

Only that was'nt what I was a going to tell, for as I said the gentleman puts on masters 'At and, says he, "how d'ye *think* I looks in a white 'At?"

"Why," says master, "you looks very like a man I knew once of the name of Moore," being as how that was afore I drove the Paddington Short, while I was along of a gentleman of the name of Browne, what kept two *nice* 'orses and a dennet, though one on 'em was an oldish 'orse, as a little rum looking fellow they called Lord Kilgooseberrys want'd to get hold on, to go along with a pack of muggers they'd a got in Surrey; so he com'd to master, and master tells me to bring 'en out, and I brings 'en out, looking like a bit of genuine velvet, all along of h'anatomy and tea kettle, for master always fed 'ot, and the little 'un picks up first one leg and then t'other—and, says he to master, "I wants an 'orse *to go*."

"Well," says master, "so help me Bob's honour, that 'ere h'annimal afore you is what you *may* call an 'orse, and if I was to see my own father a coming down that ere 'ill, as tired as a cat and as lame as a dog, he should'nt get on his back unless he gived me ninety-five guineas."

Well with that Kilgooseberrys takes another look at 'em, and says he, "why you sees, Mr. Browne, I don't care about the price of the 'orse if so be the 'orse will suit me, only I wants an 'orse *to go*, and your'n have got such a big head."

Well master was real vexed at such an h'object a running down of his cattle, and says he, "he don't *go* on his head do he? at least if he do, he didn't ought to do it" for he seed the little fellow wanted to back out if he could; so the chap opens the 'orse's mouth, but I knowed his teeth was clear enough cause master allowed plenty of Bath brick, and after he a opened the 'orse's mouth he shaked his 'ead and says he, "he's got very long teeth."

Well I thought I *should* a busted, for master says, without a moving never a muscle of his face says he, "I tell you what, my lord, if you want's 'em *to go* they must have length somewhere, and I am bless'd, he an't a got it nowhere else."

If you'd only a seed how comical the chap looked only it warn't near so comical as that ere story I am a telling you, about the gentleman what puts on masters 'At and says he, "how dye think I looks in a white 'At?" for you see master was a particular man about his 'At, and it war'nt a city white, nor it war'nt a Joliffe, and it had'nt a green turn up inside like old John Jorrock's Sunday one, nor though the brim did'nt come a curl, you could'nt say it was flattish; it was the sort of a twixt a tile and a thatch you see, only it war'nt of that 'ere brown colour with a long pile felt, they wears about the Bank, nor was it that ere flash kind of thing you sees the young ones sport, but you understands what I means, it was a white 'At; so, as I said, the gentleman puts on masters 'At and says he, "how dye think *I looks* in a white 'At?"

"Why," says master, "you looks very like a man I knew once of the name of Moore," with that the gentleman say,

"His name was Moore *was it?*" which was funny enough, for you see when I brushed master's 'At, I see as how the *maker's* name was Moore, what lives in Bond street, only it war'nt Savory, Moore, and Davidson—that keeps the Physick Shop, cause I know'd him well enough, being I drove job to him, when I worked for George Hodgkinson in Bury street, Bloomsbury, and one day I takes him to the back of the Tower through the Minories, and down by where I dare say you've heard on, a place they calls Rag-fair, to one of those shipping wharfs, and he calls me, and says he, "I want's your 'davy for they was an h'invoicing lots of his physicks what he'n never a se'ed and was all scurious, but *that 'ere* war'nt the Moore what made master's 'At, but him they calls Bicknell and Moore, what lives at the corner of Piccadilly nearly opposite the Egyptian Hall; though when I lived with Mr. Browne he always had a hen lobster for sauce, a proper gentleman he was, and kept two nice horses and a dennet built by Adams, none of your Moorfields consarns, all cream colour and red paint, but a well turned out affair that a servant could be proud of; however, when he went down to Finchly, master was used to do three and ninepence a side, cause sometimes he drove the nice black eyed girl, what he expected to be harnessed to, only it war'nt no go all along of old Dun putting in a real wooden one, which was a pity, for to my mind she was just the woman, to look after a snug place, if you'd only a se'ed her, with her crimson gown, black velvet spencer, white satin 'at, long h'ostrich feathers, yellow boots, and such a dickey, but when old Dun giv'd us the Putney drudge, master's young woman would take the ribbons, after they got off the stones, well she wipt him over the head, and hits 'em over the tail, and flips him here and there and everywhere, that she thought she could find a raw, but 'twas all no manner worse than no use, she could get no go out of him; presently she begins to get warm, and she jerks at his mouth and *sts, sts, sts*—pitching the silk in without being able to get him to simmer. At last she hits him five or six quilters with the crop, and says she, "*sts* go along or I'll cut your soul out, do you think I stole you?"

Well this time I looks at my master, a right queer go, warn't it, but not half so good as that ere go I'm a telling you, of the gentleman that put on master's' At, and says, he, how d'ye think I looks in a white 'At?

"Why," says master, "you looks very like a man I knew once of the name of Moore." With this the gentleman says:—

"His name was Moore, *was it?*"

"Yes," says master, "only I did'nt mean that, but you remind me that he had a brother who—talking of that, sir, did you ever hear that Mr. Kean the 'actor had two mothers, which is a curious coincidence, though I can't say I ever heard 'tell of any other gentleman what has more nor one, but there's no saying, for I don't know rightly who my own father was, only mother was Squire Jones's housekeeper, and perhaps you may'nt believe me, but so help my bob's honor, I was twice as big before I went to live with Mr. Browne, though I can't say I wasn't no taller—than I am now—for at Mr. Browne's I looked after a dennet and two nice 'orses—afore master sold e'm at the repository in Martin's-lane; a nice place that 'ere Martin's-lane, with such an 'op every Friday night—and one night I remembers I come'd out a good deal better breeched than I went in, for a nice young woman comes up and sets down along side of me, and says she,—

"I beg pardon, sir, but I incommode you."

"Not a bit," says I, for she was the genteelestis looking creature you ever clap't eyes on.

"So," says she, "there are a good many people in the room to night."

And I says, "I dare say they teases near an hundred," for you gets nothing but scald, and we went on about one thing and another—until she says to me,—

"I'm afraid I'm taking a liberty with you, sir."

"Not in the least ma'am," says I—but whistling Billy, if she warn't tho', for I feels her hand in my pocket a taking out the only half crown what I'd got—howmsoever I never lets on, but keeps my eye on where she puts it to, and as soon as she takes out her hand I puts my five fingers into her pocket, and when they was there I takes all I could hold, cause I didn't wish to expose her, and what do you suppose I got, though I wished her good night, and bought a brush afore I looked, why I had got a half sovereign, two half-crown pieces, three-pence half-penny, a silver thimble and a bit of ginger—no it warn't a bit of ginger, 'twas two bits of orice root, to make her breath smell sweet. Now wasn't that a prime start?—but it an't such a prime one as what I'm a telling you, after the gentleman puts on master's 'At, says he, "how d'ye think I looks in a white 'At?"

"Why," says master, "you looks very like a man I knew once of the name of Moore."—

Oh you said, sir, you wanted to be put down at the Yorkshire Stingo.

"With that the gentleman says his name was Moore *was it?*"

If your a coming this way again sir, I shall be happy to give you a lift.

"Yes," says master, "only I didn't mean that,"—cause, your such a very pleasant gentleman to have along side of one, we ha'nt a got a cad, perhaps you can manage without, thankee sir—"but you remind me he had a brother, who,"—you hav'nt a put your foot in the puddle, sir, have you?—for it would be a pity you, "WORE A WHITE 'AT. London (New) Sporting Magazine.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Peculiarities of Marriage Ceremony in different Countries.—A Roman could not marry any woman who was not a Roman. Among the Romans, the kalends, nones, and ides of every month were deemed unlucky for the celebration of marriage, and so was the whole month of May. The last and most propitious season was that which followed the ides of June.

The Roman laws speak of second marriages in very odious terms.

In the primitive church, a second marriage was considered no other than a lawful concubinage, or a species of bigamy.

The Turks have three kinds of marriages and three sorts of wives: *legitimate, wives in kebin, and slaves.* They marry the first, hire the second, and buy the third.

The people in Java marry and have children when they are only ten years old.

Among the Hindoos poligamy is practised, but one wife is acknowledged as supreme.

In Russia, when a marriage is proposed, the lover, accompanied by a friend, goes to the house of the bride, and says to her mother, "Show us your merchandise, we have got money," referring to the ancient custom of buying a wife.

Among the Persians, marriages are conducted by female mediation. Polygamy is allowed, but the first married is the principal wife.

Among all savage nations, the wife is commonly bought by the husband from her father, or guardian, and the conclusion of the bargain constitutes the marriage. Among the Abissonians, the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy. Among the Chinese, the bride is purchased by a present to her parents, and is never seen by her husband till after the ceremony.

The Hebrews purchased their wives by paying down a competent dowry for them, which proves that they were an uncivilized people.

The ancient Assyrians sold their beauties by an annual auction.

St. Augustine approved of marriages between the orthodox and heretics, for he hoped that the faithful spouse would convert the other; but Louis XIV. condemned them, fearing that the unbeliever would pervert the believer.

In the United States marriages are forbidden by law between whites and negroes; but we believe no objections have been raised against marrying believers with unbelievers, except by the Rev. Mr. Malcom, of Boston. Boston Post.

Varieties.

A Delicate Invitation.—At the Mansion house on Monday, a gentleman stated to Sir Peter Laurie, who sat for the Lord Mayor, that a lodging-house keeper at the West-end of the town had started a speculation which the individual was endeavoring to establish through the medium of the two-penny post, and with the assistance of *The Court Guide.* A number of gentlemen of fortune at that part of the metropolis had received notes, of which the following is (the necessary omissions excepted) a copy:—

"*Sir*"—With the view of affording intellectual relaxation, and at the same time pleasure, I have established a house, No.—, —, where several young ladies lately come from Paris are now residing.—"I feel thoroughly convinced that, should you honor me with your visit, your expectations will be fully realised.

"Your most humble servant, —— ———."

Sir Peter Laurie said, he hoped the police magistrates of the district would direct the officers to keep their eye upon the establishment. If any foreign importation of ladies were received into the City, he and his brother magistrates would soon endeavor to rout them, as they were in the habit of routing those of native and less ambitious growth.

"Jim Crow" is drawing good houses at Limerick; and Charles Kean has been doing the like at Liverpool. Ellen Tree is carrying all before her in America; "My Daughter Fanny" was not half such a favorite.

Hard Times Conjugated.—A country schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender? "He serves you in the *present* tense—he lends you in the *conditional* mood—keeps you on the *subjunctive*—and ruins you in the *future*."

The action brought by Miss Shirreff against the lessee of Drury-lane for breach of contract, has been settled, Bunn paying the expenses incurred and a proportion of the sum claimed by the fair syren under her articles of engagement.

Webster, of the Haymarket, has been in treaty with young Kean, who modestly asks 30*l.* per night, and to be secured fifty nights' performance, play or pay!

Two new tragedies, a new comedy and farce by Buckstone, and a new play by Sheridan Knowles, are to be brought out in succession at the Haymarket in the course of the present season.

We really think that the lower order of people ought to be chastised for presuming to christen their brats with fine names. A sweep was brought the other day to a Police-office, who rejoiced in the style and title of "Horatio Montague Burgoyne;" and since then a tripe-seller has figured in the Insolvent Court, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, of "Narcissus Moorhead Pinch."

Charles Matthews and the widow of Wych-street have been playing together in *The School for Scandal.* After what has been said, it can scarcely be called their first appearance in it.

Bonham glancing over the advertisements of one of the papers, saw an announcement of a new edition of the Prayer-book, with explanations of the *feast* days. He immediately sent for it, to see whether it offered anything in the shape of gastronomic novelty. He was greatly disappointed at finding nothing but food for the soul.

Brother Jonathan must be exceedingly obliged to the French, who have made the United States their receptacle for convicts. The wretched dolt, Meunier, who contrived not to kill Louis Philippe, has been transported to the States, and Louis Philippe instead of cutting off his head, has given him a thousand francs to set him up in business. The sudden transition from tyranny to extreme generosity does not betoken a mind imbued with just principles; and though Louis Philippe may for a time disarm his enemies, he will not increase the number of his real friends. There is too much parade in his mercy. London Satirist.

An individual of pale complexion was captured on suspicion of having had a hand in the Frederick-street murder. He was overheard saying in a sepulchral voice, "Let me see—I've cut her throat, but now how am I to get rid of the hero." The police upon searching him found a large quantity of fustian in his pocket. Upon coming before the magistrate he gave his name Fitzball. The *fustian* found upon him was a new piece, and the expression given above was merely a question put to himself how he should manage the *denouement* of a new melodrama. He was discharged with a caution. Figaro in London.

A new and interesting feature was introduced by the dancers at the Spitalfields ball. A quadrille was got up expressly for the occasion, danced by twenty single ladies, lovely of course, habited precisely alike, and in very striking costume. We need not say that they acquitted themselves admirably. After this came "the married ladies' quadrille," in which twenty dames of maturer charms, also exhibited their grace and skill in the mazy dance. Comparisons between single and connubial attractions, would in this instance be especially odious; we may nevertheless, perhaps, be allowed to say, that the general feeling seemed to be that the married ladies exhibited a finish and refinement, and graceful impetuosity of movement, which can only be acquired by greater experience than can be supposed to fall to the lot of the unmarried fair. Their *aplomb* was perfectly surprising, and as our contemporary the *Chronicle* justly remarks, their performance "eclipsed all the others."

False Cards.—The following extract from a new and voluminous treatise on Cribbage, by Mr. G. Walker, just published, may not be uninteresting at the present moment:—"In prepared packs of cards, the fives, sevens, eights, &c., are sometimes marked on the corners of the backs with spots of different numbers, and placed in a different order, according to the cards they are intended to denote. This is done either with clear water, or else water tinged with Indian ink, so as to be distinguished only by such persons as are in the secret. For whist, aces are marked with single spots on the two opposite diagonal corners; kings in the same way, with two spots; knaves with the same number transversed, &c. By way of variation, such marks are frequently made with the point of a penknife, showing merely a slight abraison of the polish, but as legible to the 'professor' as if the characters were written in letters a foot long."

Pony Match in Harness from London to Brighton.—On the 10th ult., Capt. Beecher of Steeple-chace notoriety, drove a pony in a match cart from London to Brighton (fifty-two miles) in four hours and forty-eight minutes. The road as may be supposed was dreadfully heavy, and the poor animal much distressed. Some of our contemporaries recommended the Captain to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a hint which we hope will not be lost upon him.

A Man Bitten by an Adder.—On Saturday week a hawking fisherman, well known in Romford as "Suffolk Jemmy," nearly forfeited his life by an act of folly committed while in a state of intoxication. A man was examining snakes and adders in that town, when a question arose as to whether one of these reptiles was an adder, and knowing that an adder would attack anything red, the fisherman put out his tongue to decide the dispute. The adder instantly bit him under the tongue. The poor fellow has since been in a dreadful state: his body was amazingly swollen, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and the medicine administered to him was obliged to be forced down his throat with a syringe.—Hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

A great number of the legionaires were cut down at Hernani, but if it be true that the ranks of the legion are filled with the scum of society here, the *cutting down* abroad may have saved them from a more ignoble *cutting down* at the old Bailey.

A person advertised the other day for a stone of great value in the shape of a heart lost at the grand ball at the King's Theatre. We have no doubt that many *hearts* were lost on the occasion, but by this one being described *as a stone*, we should almost fancy it must have been the property of the Duke of Cumberland.

It has been hinted to Jack Westenra by his lady, that if he does not give up his *furnished* cottage in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park, his *pin money* will be stopped. Jack says this is a sure way of exacting the payment of *old* debts.

"So, Jack," exclaimed a friend, "you were, I hear, at the christening of Poltimore's heir-apparent." "Heir-apparent!" exclaimed Churchill, "with due deference to her ladyship's virtue, the lineage does not appear to me quite so *apparent* as could be wished."

"Dat Lor Lowther," observed Duvernay to Lyne Stephens, "ver great—vat you call de leetle son of de dog?" "Puppy." "Oui," rejoined the danseuse "poppy—he ver great poppy—he make love to me every night." "Does he," exclaimed the parvenu, "then it is time for me to cease making love by day."—Lyne, it is said, has many *sleeping* partners in the concern.

A THEATRICAL MURDERER.

When Mac in dudgeon knocked down Bunn,
He took it as his text
That having that night *murdered* one,
King Dick, his friend came next.

There is a new description of silk advertised for ladies' dresses called the *Serpent de Paradis.* It is reckoned the most *seducing* thing that has appeared for some time.

Pleasures of a Tropical Climate.—Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The vete rogue lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your eyes, nose, and mouth. You eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockatrices, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot, and everything bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Merriom. An insect with eleven wings is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine legs is struggling in the small-beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter; all nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up as you are standing out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics.

We copy from the Chester Gazette the state of matrimonial happiness in South Britain; and it must be confesed that there is a goodly array of "repentant sinners," who now find that the joys of a wedded life is "all in my eye," and only in the eye. Wives eloped from their husbands, 1362; husbands eloped from their wives, 2361; married pairs in a state of separation, 4120; married pairs in open war under the same roof, 191,029; married pairs in a state of inward hatred, concealed from the world, 162,302; married pairs in a state of coolness and indifference, 510,182: married pairs reported happy by the world, 1102; married pairs absolutely and entirely happy, 9!

A gentleman, of the family of the "Lags," and "Tardys," or in other words, one of those who are eternally behind hand, to the regrets of all who have in consequence to set down to a cold dinner, being invited by a friend to join a party at an early hour in the morning, contrary to his usual practice of being the last, he was the first visitor present, and even before the hour appointed. His friend, astonished at this unwonted phenomenon, broke out in the following lucid strain:—"Well done; so you are here first at *last;* why, you must have got up early of *late*, for you have always been behind *before.* It is well you have come in time, for you would not have found me within *without.*"

Military Execution.—It is customary in such cases to tie up the eyes of the prisoners, in order that they may not shrink when the signal for firing is given; while they themselves, kneeling upon their coffins, await the word in the attitude of prayer. His companion readily acceded to the wishes of the officer by whom the firing party was commanded, but the Colonel would do nothing of the sort. No; he had faced death too often to fear him now; he would neither permit himself to be blindfolded, nor bend the knee. In an upright position, and smoking his cigar, he stood to receive the volley, and when he saw the carbines levelled, he held out his breast proudly towards them. There was but one discharge. Several balls passed through his head, others riddled his companions in misfortune, and all three, after we had marched round and gazed upon them, were thrust into their coffins and committed to the dust. Gleig's Hussar.

At the coronation of Nicholas of Russia as King of Poland, in 1827, the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Warsaw, in the great hall of the senate, as the head of the Greek schism would not condescend to enter a Latin church. An altar had been erected at one end of the chamber, and when the Emperor had received the crown, (a Russian one, composed entirely of diamonds, and brought from St. Petersburg for the occasion,) he placed it upon his own head, and the prelate called out that ancient cry, which was responded to by all the people at the coronation of the Polish kings—"Vivat Rex in eternum!" The Emperor was surrounded by all the nobles of the kingdom, but not one of them joined in the first or second time that the vivat was given. Not one of them could cry—"May *that* King live for ever." For the third time the octogenarian prelate, in a voice tremulous with age and emotion at this dismal silence, called out—"Vivat Rex in eternum!" but still the nobles and all the crowds which filled that vast hall were mute as death. The silence was unbroken; and the eye-witness who told the story added, that in the dreadful feelings of that cold pause, the assembly *shuddered.*

Shakes of the Hand.—Some people dangle their hands into yours like the unwilling paw of a peaceable poodle; others stiffen the hand and thrust four fingers into your palm, all smooth and wooden like a glover's last. Mr. Doodle appears to have but one finger produceable, hard and bony it feels, like the handle of your tooth brush on a frosty morning. Mr. Trumpeter always holds out two fingers; I do the same; and it perplexes him not a little when the tips meet, and he fingers out the *da capo* of his own two to two too. Armstrong dexterously evades the hand, and welcomes his friend or acquaintance by a slight pressure above the elbow, as he sniggles out "how d'ye do." Mr. Love, who takes pleasure in a tight fit, can never comply with the usual mode of withdrawing the kid, so is hand and glove with every one he meets.

Judicial Horsemanship.—In former times kings and queens, as well as statesmen and judges, used to proceed to Westminster and Whitehall on their respective palfreys. When carriages came into use, the judges generally adopted them as a more appropriate and dignified conveyance. Of late years, however, these learned personages, as if ashamed of their high calling, have thrown aside all costume, and may be seen proceeding to and from their courts either elbowing the foot passengers or threading their way on horseback through a multitude of cabs, omnibusses and coaches. At present a more than usual number of the judges are equestrians. Among them the three chiefs take the lead, though both as regards their horses and their horsemanship, *haud passibus equis.* Lord Abinger, though the heaviest and the oldest, far excels his learned brothers, both in his seat and his steed; Lord Denman rides as if his coach would suit him better; while Chief Justice Tindal uses a horse which he himself jocularly tells the world that all his friends except the Attorney General have long recommended him to part with. Among the *puisnes*, Mr. Baron Parke is said to pride himself upon his horsemanship, though the present time has twice shown how treacherous too much confidence is—his Lordship having been, as the jockies call it, once *spilt*, and once *upset.* Mr. Justice Bosanquet, who was born within the sound of Bow bells, is said to possess the cockney qualification of "riding faster than his horse;" while such of the equity judges as resort to equitation prove how little qualified they are for tilt or tournament. We had almost forgot Mr. Justice Vaughan, whose former feats have reduced him to a nag not much heavier than himself; so that, were he not a judge, the society for "cruelty to animals" would, in all probability, extend their sympathies to his overladen pony.

Laconic.—A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Leonidas and his countrymen to shame. An Edinburgh quaker sends to a brother quaker in London a sheet of letter paper, containing nothing whatever in the writing way, save a note of interrogation, thus (?). His friend returned the sheet, adding for a sole reply a cypher. The meaning of the question and answer is as follows: "What news?"—"Nothing!"

Considerable amusement was caused in Regent-street on Wednesday, by the following affair:—Two gentlemen were walking leisurely along the street, when suddenly one of them exclaiming: "There's the rascal G," instantly darted across the street towards a dashingly-dressed exquisite on the opposite side of the way, who, perceiving the approaching party, commenced a hasty retreat, closely pursued by the other. The street was thronged with carriages at the time, and the pursued party endeavored to avoid his pursuers by dodging amongst the different vehicles and under the horses, to the no small amusement of the spectators, and the carriage folks in particular, several of whom stood up on the seats after the fashion of the "Derby-day." At last the dandy issued from under a horse's belly *minus* his hat and *a la* spencer, his skirts remaining in the hands of his pursuer; and after capsizing several persons in his career, he made good his retreat amidst the shouts of the spectators.

Americanisms.—We are often told, that it was a "dreadful fine day;" and a girl at a hotel pronounced my trumpet to be "terrible handy." In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonizing pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. "How do you find yourself?" inquired the friend. "I am powerful weak; but cruel easy." Miss Martineau.

A few days ago a Stockport sportsman was allowed a day's shooting over Captain White's preserves, and, after about forty shots, returned home highly gratified with his sport; having bagged three rabbits and his favorite pointer.

"*Gin and* "*Gentlemen.*"—At a public-house, in Carey-street, Licoln's-inn-fields, which some years ago was kept by a noted "sporting character," now or lately a Member of Parliament, is to be seen a "monster cask," on which is painted in large letters—*Gully's* rich cordial, and *Young* Tom." It is certainly singular to find associated Members of the House of Commons and "blue ruin." Mr. Gully must feel much gratified at being thus immortalised by having his name inscribed on a gin-cask in his old domicile. At a public-house in the same street, at the corner of Serle's place, is the "mask" of Lord Brougham, in plaster of Paris, hung in a peculiarly dignified situation, surmounting a barrel of "Booth's cream of the valley." We are not aware whether it is placed in so conspicuous a situation by the landlord in consequence of admiration of his Lordship's abilities, or waggishly to insinuate that that dignified character has no *particular* aversion to the said "cream."

Quick Thought.—Your genuine Hibernian is one of the happiest fellows in the world at a prompt excuse. The Edinburg Courant says that an Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window of a house in Queen street, was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as out of mind; but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "you broke my window, fellow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?" New Era.

The First Loafer.—"Have you seen Capin Pete?" asked a black fellow on the wharf at Perth Amboy. "Capin Pete! who the deuce is he?" "Why, he's the gemman that sleeps in Miss Nidd's barn, and goes with his eye out, and his nose in a sling, and his elbow all over mud, and a loaf of bread sticking out of his pocket." That was the first loafer. New York Times.

Berlin is acknowledged to be one of the handsomest cities in Europe, but it lacks animation. The extent, as compared with its population, "twelve miles of circumference for less than 230,000 inhabitants," will account, in part, for the absence of life and bustle in the streets. It was Frederick's ambition to have a large capital. "Well," said he one day to the French Ambassador, "we are getting on; Berlin is nearly as large as Paris." "Certainly," replied the Ambassador, "only we don't grow corn in Paris."

Munich.—Society at Munich is pleasant, but wrong, there being a good deal of amusement, combined with a good deal of immorality. *Se passioner, se battre, se ruiner, enlever, epouser, et divorcer,* is given by Mr. Jameson, on a Polish Counts's authority, as the rise, progress, and catastrophe of a Polish amour; thus making a six act piece. An amour at Munich may be generally included in two; *se passioner, s'ennuyer—s'ennuyer, se passioner.*

"Like waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet, as shining comes on."

In this sentimental gallantry, the lives of half the women in Munich pass away. * * * A *fete* was given a few years since in Munich, where each lady's ticket specified the name of a cavalier, who was to present her with a bouquet on entering the ball room, and attend upon her during the day. There were nearly 3000 persons present, yet such a tact was shown in the arrangement, and so well had the respective inclinations of the company been guessed, that we are credibly informed only fifty ladies were dissatisfied, and only twenty three reputations deteriorated of which nineteen belonged to English women. N. Y. American.

The weather, was very warm yesterday, and if we hadn't have broken out the thermometer at about one o'clock, to keep the mercury from rising any higher, there is no knowing how hot it would have been before sunset. Bost. Morn. Post.

"Doctor," said B—n to his medical adviser one day, "Is'nt there a disease called Shingles?" "Yes, to be sure," replied Galen. "Then I've got it for certain," rejoined B—n, "for the *roof* of my mouth is broken out in a dozen places."

Politeness.—Philip Hone, Esq. of New York, I looked upon as the politest man I ever did see; for when he asked me to take a drink at his own sideboard, he turned his back upon me, that I mightn't be ashamed to fill as much as I wanted. That was what I call doing the fair thing.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,
2. J. J. Mickle,
3. P. McRa,
4. J. B. Richardson,
5. W. Hampton,
6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

The following Sweepstakes come off over this course on the day preceding the annual regular races, which have been agreed upon by a convention of the different Clubs, at a meeting in Charleston, at their regular races in Feb. last, to commence on the *First Tuesday in each year*:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed, for 1838.

1. J. J. Harrison, sen., names a gr. f. out of Eliza Splotch, full sister to Kite.
2. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Alborax.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names a c. out of Venus, by Bertrand, Jun.
4. P. McRa names a b. f. out of a Financier mare, by Bertrand, Jun.
5. J. G. Winter names a b. f out of Whisker m. (Miss Accident), by Tramp.
6. " " " b. f. out of Whisker m. (Sister Lottery), by Tramp.
7. W. Hampton names a b. f. (Imp) out of Ada, by Emilius.
8. Paul Fitzsimons names a ch. f. (Imp.) out of Delphine, by Priam.
9. J. H. Adams names a f. (Imp.) out of Peri, by The Colonel.
10. Hamner & Gibson name a br. f. out of Fanny Green, by Virginian—Sarpedon.

A Sweepstakes for 1839, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Non Plus.
2. J. J. Mickle names a ch. c. out of Angelica, by Yeoman.
3. P. McRa names a gr. f. out of a Financier mare, by Non Plus.
4. W. H. B Richardson names a br. c. out of Julia, by Muckle John.
5. J. W. Cantey names a b. f. out of a Gohanna mare, by Eclipse Lightfoot.
6. A. R. Ruffin names a b. c. by Bertrand, Jun., out of Nell, by Duroc.
7. W. Hampton names a br. c. out of Emma (Imp.), by Camel.
8. " " " br. f. out of Pocahontas, by Argyle.
9. Hamner & Gibson name a s. c. out of Polly Medley, by American Eclipse.
10. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Argyle.

Sweepstakes for 1840, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names produce of Leocadia and Rowton.
2. J. W. Cantey names produce of Gohanna mare and Godolphin.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Transport and Muckle John.
4. J. B. Richardson names produce of Julia and Muckle John.
5. P. McRa names produce of Crusader mare and Rowton.
6. " " " " " Financier mare and Rowton.
7. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Venus and Muckle John.
8. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Rowton.
9. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Emma and Rowton.
10. " " " " " Augusta and Rowton.
11. J. C. Goode names produce of Caliope and Shark.
12. Hamner & Gibson name produce of Polly Medley and Rowton.
13. M. S. Perry names produce of Congaree mare and Godolphin.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, h. ft. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Galliatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Col. John Crowell.
Robert D. Glover.
G. Edmonson
John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CUTLERY ESTABLISHMENT, No. 9 ASTOR HOUSE.

THE Subscribers offer for sale one of the choicest assortments of the following goods ever imported into the United States.

Sets New Market Trimming Scissors.
Clipping Scissors and Shears.
Farriers' Drawing Knives, Searchers, &c. &c.
"Long's celebrated London Lancets."
Fleams, Lancets, and Pocket Horse Pricks.
Sportsmens' Portable Table Cutlery.
Marooning Cases Complete.
Hunting and Fishing Knives in great variety.
Cork-screws, Boot Hooks, Champagne Openers.
Silver, Pearl, and Ivory Handle Table Cutlery.
" " Plated on Steel, with or without Forks.
Carving Knives, Slicers, and Cooks' Knives
One Real Manton Double Barrel Gun.
Two Pair Real Manton Duelling Pistols.

The Trade supplied either from the shelves or by the Package.
[Ju29-4t] GRAVELEY & WREAKS.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

SWEEPSTAKES,

Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837–38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838–39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839–40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841–42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD LINE.

VIA NEWPORT.—From the foot of Marketfield-street, Battery Place, North River, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

AUGUST ARRANGEMENT.

From New York.			*From Providence.*
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	1st,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	2d,	• •
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	3d,	Rhode Island.
• •	Friday,	4th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	5th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	7th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	8th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Wednesday,	9th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	10th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	11th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Saturday.	12th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Monday,	14th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	15th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	16th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	17th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Friday,	18th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	19th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	21st,	• •
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	22d,	Rhode Island.
• •	Wednesday,	23d,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	24th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	25th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Saturday,	26th,	Rhode Island.
• •	Monday,	28th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	29th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	30th,	• •
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	31st,	Rhode Island.

Passengers for Boston will take the Rail Road Cars at Providence immediately on their arrival.

☞ All Merchandise, Specie, and Baggage, at the risk of the owners thereof. [At5]

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the last Saturday in July next I will sell at my Farm, St. Leger, in Chesterfield County, 15 miles from Richmond, and 25 from Petersburg, *all* my Blooded Stock, consisting of BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, of all ages; together with the whole stable of horses trained by me this Spring—a list of which follows:—

Experiment, 5 yrs. old, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler.
Ormond, 5 yrs., by Charles, dam by Alfred.
Margaret Armistead, 5 yrs., by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar.
Reindeer, 4 yrs., by Sussex, out of the dam of Margaret Armistead.
Sorrel Filly, 4 yrs., by Charles, dam by Hal, grandam sister to Trifle's dam.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Tariff, grandam sister to Tuckahoe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs, by Eclipse, dam by Jack Andrews.
Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Charles.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Screamer.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by J. C.
Gr. F. Gift, 3 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Nirce.
B. F., 2 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Tariff.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
S. F., 4 yrs., Full Sister to Collier.

Brood Mares.

Arietta.
Drunken Frolic, by full brother to Middlesex (Capt. Stockton's), out of the dam of Collier.
Sorrel mare, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe.
Bay mare, by Tariff, dam Sister to Tuckahoe.
Bay mare, by John Richards, out of the dam of Trumpator.
(With their foals.)

Also the most promising colt I know in Virginia, by Shark, dam Arietta, with a great many others.

Terms of sale, 12 months credit, with interest added. Negotiable notes, with approved endorsers.

Black Heath, July 1. 1837. [Ju8] JOHN HETH.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race-Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY,
JAMES COX, } *Executors.*
W. T. GIVENS.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.
☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—August, 1837.

CONTENTS.—*Original Papers.*—Sketches of Paris, No. 2; The Loves of the Colors; A Tale of a Snag; Excerpts from a College Valedictory Poem: Music; Rose and Violet; The Cold Hand; Design for a Picture Gallery; Vanderlyn; Letter from Miss E. D., Boston, to Miss J. B., New York; Spirit of the West.

Critical Notices.—Motherwell's Poems; The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West; Society in America; Erato, No. 3; Transactions of the American Lyceum.

Monthly Commentary.—Pauper Immigration; The Children of the Republic; Mineral Wealth of Virginia; Chronological of Cotton; The Ben Sherrod; Fairmount in Miniature; Poudretto; Cure for Hydrophobia; Western Trade of Pennsylvania; Chalk and Water; Tides; Another Moon Hoax; A Sixth Continent; Statistics; Ancient and Modern Democracies; Cheap Bread; Effects of Emigration; American Anthology.

This day (Aug. 1st) published by Geo. Dearborn & Co., 38 Gold-street. [At5]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Batesville, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Red River Course, Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday in Sept.
Camden, S. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Charlestown, Va. -	Jefferson Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Columbus, Miss. - -	Hyde Park Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 16th Oct.
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensburgh, Ky. -	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
Hopkinsville, Ky. -	Sweepstakes only, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Kendall Co., Md. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Laurenceville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 14th Sept.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Montreal, L. C. - -	St. Pierre Course, Turf Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Aug.
Mecklenburg, Va. -	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Niagara Falls, U.C.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Aug.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
Nashville, Tenn. - -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
New York City. - -	Union Course, L. I., First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
" " "	Match, $5000 a-side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " "	Match, $2000 a-side, Two m. h. *Own br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Own br. to Coronel*, 2d Fall meeting.
New Orleans, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Norfolk, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Olympian Spr'gs, Ky.	Bath Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
Oxford, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Philadelphia, Pa. -	Camden Course, N. J.—Match. Four mile heats, $10.000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
Russellville, Ky. -	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Toronto, U. C. - - -	City of Toronto and York Co. meeting, Simcoe Chace Course, 6th Sept.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club annual meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.
Vicksburg, Miss. - -	Match. —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.
Washington, D. C. -	National Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

HIGHLAND PUGILISM.

An English prize fighter had challenged or insulted the regiment, and the Highland officers wished to put Ian More against him. A bet was accordingly laid upon his head, and one of his officers sent for him, saying, "You are to be my man, Ian, and I think it will be no hard thing for you who shouldered the six pounder, to pound this boasting pock-pudding."

"Troth, no," said Ian, shaking his head, "ta pock-pudding no dune her nae ill—fat for wad she be fighten her? Troth, her honor may e'en fight ta-aman hersell, for her nanesell wull no be doin' nae siccan a thing."

"Tut! nonsense, man," said the officer, "you must fight him—ay, and lick him too, and you shall not only carry off the honor, but you shall have a handsome purse of money for doing so."

"Na, na," said Ian, "ta man no dune her nae ill ava, an' she'll no be fighten for ony body's siller but King Shorge's."

"Surely you are not afraid of him," said the officer, trying to rouse his pride.

"Hout, na!" replied Ian Morse, with a calm, good-humored smile; "she be no feart for no man livin'."

By a stratagem, and taking advantage of his kindness of heart, Ian was brought to face the bully.

"Come away, Goliah! come on!" cried the Englishman, tossing his hat into the air, and his coat to one side.

Ian minded not; but the growing and intolerable insolence of the bully did the rest; for presuming on Ian's backwardness, he strode up to him with his arms akimbo and spit in his face.

"Fat is she do dat for?" asked Ian simply of those around him.

"He has done it to make people believe that you are a coward, and afraid to fight him," said the Highland officer who backed him.

"Tell her no to do tat again," said Ian, seriously.

"There!" said the boxer, repeating the insult.

Without showing the smallest loss of temper, Ian made an effort to lay hold of his opponent; but the Englishman squared at him, and hit several smart blows in succession, not one of which the unpractised Highlander had the least idea of guarding.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Highland officer, "I fear you will be beaten, Ian."

"Foo!" cried Ian coolly; "she be strikin' her, to be sure, but she be na hurtin' her; but, and she disna gi'e owre an' her nanesell gets one stroke at her, she'll swarrants she'll seek nae mair."

The Englishman gave him two or three more hard hits, that went against his breast as if they had gone against an oaken door. But at last Ian raised his arm, and swept it round horizontally, with a force that broke through alll his antagonist's guards, and the blow striking his left cheek as if it had come from a sledge hammer, it actually drove the bones of the jaw on that side quite through the opposite skin, and at the same time smashed the whole skull to fragments. The man fell like a hog dead on the spot, and horror and astonishment seized the spectators.

"Och hone! och hone!" cried Ian More, in an agony of distress, running to lift him from the ground, "she's dootin' she kilt ta poor man."

Ian fell into remorse and despair upon this castrophe; and to mitigate unavailing sorrow, he obtained his discharge and returned to Ross-shire.

Highland Rambles, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.

INDIAN ELOPEMENT.

The following story of a renegade Blackfoot still further illustrates the character of that savage tribe:—

"You see my wife," said Kosato, "she is good; she is beautiful—I love her. Yet she has been the cause of all my troubles. She was the wife of my chief. I loved her more than he did; and she knew it. We walked together, we laughed together, we were always seeking each other's society; but we were as innocent as children. The chief grew jealous, and commanded her to speak with me no more. His heart became hard towards her; his jealousy became more furious. He beat her without cause and without mercy; and threatened to kill her outright if she even looked at me. Do you want traces of his fury? Look at that scar! His rage against me was no less persecuting. War parties of the Crows were hovering round us, our young men had seen their trail. All hearts were roused for action; my horses were before my lodge. Suddenly the chief came, took them to his own pickets, and called them his own. What could I do?—he was a chief. I durst not speak, but my heart was burning. I joined no longer in the council, the hunt, or the war feast. What had I to do there? an unhorsed, degraded warrior. I kept by myself, and thought of nothing but these wrongs and outrages.

"I was sitting one evening upon a knoll that overlooked the meadow where the horses were pastured; I saw the horses that were once mine grazing among those of the chief. This maddened me, and I sat brooding for a time over the injuries I had suffered, and the cruelties which she I loved had endured for my sake, until my heart swelled and grew sore, and my teeth were clenched. As I looked down upon the meadow, I saw the chief walking among his horses. I fastened my eyes on him as a hawk's; my blood boiled; I drew my breath hard. He went among the willows. In an instant I was on my feet, my hand was on my knife—I flew rather than ran—before he was aware I sprang upon him, and with two blows laid him dead at my feet. I covered his body with earth, and strewed bushes over the place; then hastened to her I loved, told her what I had done, and urged her to fly with me. She only answered me with tears. I reminded her of the wrongs I had suffered, and of the blows and stripes she had endured from the deceased; I had done nothing but an act of justice. I again urged her to fly; but she only wept the more, and bade me go. My heart was heavy, but my eyes were dry. I folded my arms. ''Tis well,' said I; 'Kosato will go alone to the desert. None will be with him but the wild beasts of the prairie. The seekers of blood may follow on his trail. They may come upon him when he sleeps, and glut their revenge; but you will be safe. Kosato will go alone.'

"I turned away. She sprang after me, and strained me in her arms. 'No,' cried she, 'Kosato shall not go alone! Wherever he goes, I will go—he shall never part from me.'

"We hastily took in our hands such things as we most needed, and stealing quietly from the village, mounted the first horses we encountered. Speeding day and night, we soon reached this tribe. They received us with welcome, and we have dwelt with them in peace. They are good and kind; they are honest; but their hearts are the hearts of women."

Such was the story of Kosato, as related by him to Captain Bonneville. It is of a kind that often occurs in Indian life; where love elopements from tribe to tribe are as frequent as among the novel-read heroes and heroines of sentimental civilization, and often give rise to bloody and lasting feuds.

Capt. Bonneville's new work, "The Rocky Mountains," edited by Washington Irving.

The following is the copy of a letter before us, addressed to her agent, a sporting friend of ours, by a young, handsome, and wealthy lady of Georgia. It is a literary curiosity:—

"Mr. ——— more bad luck I have lost one of my plouy [plough] creters a mare a verry valuble mair she did [died] a folding [foaling] I must by [buy] a nother as sune as possible I am out of money if Mr. ——— will plese to pay over the quarter Rent that is due to Mr. ———, will much obledge your frend and humble sarvent

no pen no paper."

The lady probably left off schooling before she came to that part of her education, including writing, spelling and punctuation.

Duelling by the wholesale.—Mr. Gibson, editor of the New Orleans American, a gentleman we believe well versed in duelling matters, proposes, in the present rage for that species of combat in New Orleans, to settle the accumulated contentions and difficulties of every kind by the wholesale, thus;—

"We invite all and several of those would-be heroes to register their names immediately at the office of the True American, as we purpose, as soon as the list is sufficiently full, to charter a couple of handsome clipper-built schooners, very capable of *running away* in case of need. These schooners we purpose to man with these gentlemen at arms, so that they may have an opportunity, as they are bent on a fight, of having it out, not with poor, paltry pistols, but with respectable, full-sized swivels. In one of these we propose to ship the bullies, the loafers, and loungers, and shall call her the Musquito, as these insects are well known as the pests of our southern clime. In the other we intend to embark all those intended victims who are generally challenged, because it is thought they *will not fight*, but mostly proving the best men, we shall call their schooner the Fire-away. The principals are to be kept down below, and the seconds are to man the gun-deck, for being the parties generally the most to blame, they ought to stand the breast of the shot. Gentlemen who are anxious to fight on horseback, will be allowed to bring their cattle along with them, provided their broadswords are not longer than the gun-deck. When a sufficient number shall be enrolled, we purpose ourselves to take command of the "Fire-away," and offer the other to any Loco Foco editor who will leave off abusing the city and the laws, and take a quiet fight upon the lake in a genteel wholesale way. By this plan every gentleman will be enabled to pick out his particular friend, and settle all disputes about borrowed money, games of billiards, &c., by a *round of grape*—though perhaps he had better do the same thing over a *social bottle*."

Elopement—A man with a "false bosom marked H. C. K. Gannett," is said to have stolen the young, intelligent, and handsome wife of Mr. Babbitt of Barre, Mass. Why didn't he take off some of the patriotic *single ladies* of that notable place?

"Tom," said a man to his friend a day or two since, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days."—"I find it far more difficult than dangerous," answered the other.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

NOVELTY—EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION!!—Monday evening, August 14th.—MRS. WATSON'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.—Mrs. Watson begs respectfully (while gratefully acknowledging all former kindnesses) to announce that Mr. Niblo, who has at a very great expense completed an engagement with the celebrated Tyrolean Company of Singers just arrived, has in the kindest manner allowed them to make their *first appearance in New York* on this evening, when the first act of the Concert will terminate with the performances of the celebrated **TYROLESE**, or **ALPINE SINGERS**—Babet Liedl, F. Schlegel, and L. H. Bachler, from Zell, in Zellerdale, in Tyrol, who will appear in a scene descriptive of a Romantic Mountain Pass in Switzerland. Trio—*The Tyrolese Peasant Boy*. Trio—*The Tyrolese in America*. Solo—*The Echo on the Mountain*. The Descriptive Mountainous Scenery painted expressly, by Mr. J. Jefferson.

At the termination of the second act, F. Schlegel will sing the *Comic Scena* of the Tyrolese Peasant, with the Goilres, in which he will show how people with enormously swollen throats can sing.

To conclude with the descriptive National Dances of the Native Tyrolese Mountaineers, accompanied by themselves on instruments hitherto unknown in America.

Mrs. Watson has the pleasure to announce that her sister, Miss J. Clarence Wells, will on this occasion have the honor of making her first appearance. That highly popular Pianist, Mr. W. A. King, has kindly consented to perform his celebrated variations to "Hail Columbia." Mr. T. Bishop will give his most approved ballads, and sing (for this occasion) a new song. Mr. John Sefton has kindly consented (for this night only) to sing in the course of the evening a comic medley song, in six parts, consisting of the following German melodies:—

1. Das waren mir seelige. 2. Mien Schatz ist ein Reuter. 3. Merrily every bosom boundeth. 4. Fair Zurich's Waters. 5. Du liegst mir am Herzen. 6. The merry Swiss Drover Boy.

Mrs. Watson will sing a Swiss mountain melody, written expressly for this occasion by General Morris, arranged from Mercadante and Penseron by Mr. Watson. Signor Aupick will perform a favorite fantasia on the horn. Signor Casolani will perform a solo on the trombone.

The Concert (for particulars of which see small bills) will commence precisely at 8 o'clock. Between the acts a magnificent piece of Fireworks, &c. Tickets, 50 cts. Omnibuses will run to and from the Garden during the evening.

☞ Translations of the Tyrolese songs and duetts, &c., to be had at the doors, price 1s.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

WASHINGTON CITY RACES, Fall meeting, 1837, will commence the 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct., and continue five days.

The following Sweepstakes are open for the Washington Course, Fall meeting, 1837:—

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Spring, 1837; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Now 7 subs. To close 17th Aug.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr old colts and fillies; sub. $500, ft. $300; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and five or six others expected.

Gentlemen making entries to the above Stakes, will please address Jas. S. Garrison, Norfolk, Va., Proprietor. [At12]

THE NORFOLK RACES will commence the 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept. Particulars hereafter. [At12-3t] J. S. GARRISON, *Proprietor*

JEFFERSON (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE RACES this Fall (the last annual meeting) will commence on Tuesday, two weeks preceding the Washington City Races, (which last will commence on the 1st Tuesday in Oct.

First Day—Purse $400, Four mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Third Day—Purse $200, Two mile heats.
Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse, $100, Mile heats.

The entrance to all the purses will be 7 per cent.—Should there not be four entries, the winner of the Purse to make them up.

There are also open, two Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; the first, Two mile heats, sub. $250, ft. $75. The second, Mile heats, sub. $150, ft. $50—both for colts that have not won stakes at fashionable courses. Entries to be made not later than the 5th Aug.

There will also be open a third Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats, 3 or more to make a race; *free for any thing "that wears hair."* To name and close by the 15th Aug. Entries to be made with Wm. CROW, Jr., *Treasurer*.

Charlestown, Aug. 12, 1837. [At12-3t]

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify, that the partnership between THOS. CARTER & WM. MILES, Veterinary Surgeons, Horse Infirmary, 740 Broadway, has this day (Aug. 1st) been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due to the firm to be received by T. Carter, and all claims on the same will be paid by T. Carter, 176 Fourth-street, or at the Infirmary. The concern will be continued by T. Carter. [At12-1t]

IMPORTANT SALE
Of Imported Short-Horned Cattle, at Philadelphia.

ON Tuesday, 12th Sept., 1837, at 11 o'clock in the morning, will be sold at public sale, by Catalogue, at Powelton, about one mile from the City of Philadelphia, *Thirty-three head of Mr Whitaker's improved short-horned cattle*, viz., 18 cows and 15 bulls.

These cattle were shipped from England at the suggestion of Col. John Hare Powell, when he examined Mr. Whitaker's Stock in Sept. last, and are well worthy of attention.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1837. M. THOMAS & SON, *Auctioneers*.

☞ A Catalogue, with the pedigrees, may be seen at the office of this paper [At12]

AMERICAN THEATRE--Bowery.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the above establishment will open for the regular season on Monday evening next, with a strong and efficient company. During the recess, the house has been thoroughly cleaned and painted, and many improvements made that will render it cool and comfortable. The manager has the pleasure to inform the public, that he has engaged Miss NELSON for six nights, who will make her first appearance in *The Mountain Sylph*, on Monday evening, Aug. 14. [At12-1t]

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

SWEEPSTAKES—OXFORD (N. C.) COURSE—FALL, 1837.

A SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 15th Sept. 1837.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, ent. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

Both the above Stakes are expected to be quite full. Address the PROPRIETOR.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Trustees having re organized this department of the Institution, by the re-appointment of three members of the former Faculty, the election of Drs. Eberle, Mitchell, and Cross, late Professors in the Medical College of Ohio, and the creation of an Adjunct Professorship of Anatomy and Surgery, the Lectures will commence, as usual, on the 1st Monday of November, with the following Faculty:—

Anatomy and Surgery, by B. W. Dudley, M D., Professor, and James M. Bush, M.D., Adjunct Professor.
Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, by James C. Cross, M.D.
Theory and Practice, by John Eberle, M.D.
Obstetricks and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Wm. H. Richardson, M.D.
Materia Medica and Medical Botany, by Chas. W. Short, M D.
Chemistry and Pharmacy, by Thos. D Mitchell, M.D.

Each of the teachers will lecture daily, Sabbaths excepted. The fees of the entire course, including Matriculation and the use of the Library, will be $110. The Graduation fee $20.

Notes on all Solvent State Banks will be received by the Faculty.

By order of the Faculty, JAMES C. CROSS, *Dean*.
Lexington, Ky., July 19, 1837. [Ju29]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

THE undersigned give this early notice that Mr. Sol Smith will not visit New York this present summer, (as heretofore advertised,) most of the engagements for the ensuing year having been already made. Members of the profession who have business with us will please address us at St. Louis until 25th Oct., and after that time at Mobile.

St. Louis, July 7. [Ju. 22-3t.] LUDLOW & SMITH.

FARM WANTED.

TO rent or lease, for a term of years, a farm, consisting of from 40 to 60 acres of land, in a state of cultivation, with a good house, out-houses, &c., at a reasonable rent. Should its location be adapted to keeping a public house, it would be preferred. A note addressed to C. R. T., and left at this Office, giving a description of the same, its location, the terms, &c. will be attended to. [Ju. 22.]

City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting.

OVER Simcoe Chace Course, on Wednesday the 6th, Thursday 7th, and Friday the 8th, days of September, 1837.

STEWARDS.

George Gurnett, Esq., Mayor of the City.	Captain Maitland, 24th Regiment.
Thomas McGrath, Esq.	Captain Strachan.
Charles Heath, Esq.	J. R. McKnight, Esq.
Alexander Buchanan, Esq.	George Duggan, jr. Esq.
George D. Wells, Esq.	G. B. Willard, Esq.

For further particulars, as to Stakes, Plates, and Purses, (which will be handsome,) see future advertisements. JOHN MAITLAND, Esq., *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

Robert Blevins, Esq., *Clerk of the Course.*

N.B. Early notice is hereby given, that no horse will be allowed to start, unless the rider turns out in full jockey style.

Toronto, June 20, 1837. [Ju29]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Fall meeting, 1837, Two mile heats; ent. $200; 3 subs. and closed.

A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Autumn of 1837, One mile out; ent. $100, h. ft. The same entries to be made for a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 15th Aug. Now 2 subs.

A Post Stake, Two mile heats, for 4 yr. olds; ent. $200, p.p.; the Autumn of 1837. Three subs. and closed—Fall meeting.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden,	Isham Puckett,
Wm. Jones,	J. S. Garrison.
A. L. Botts,	

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $200 ft.; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Ju8] W. N. FRIEND.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats, 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the above course.

1st. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old; Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Two mile heats; ent. $200, ft. $100. To name and close 15th Sept. next.

Spring Meeting, 1838.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

5th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

Gentlemen desirous of entering into the above stakes, will please address
Jas. B. Kendall, *Proprietor, Baltimore.*

☞ The Fall Races will take place over this Course the Second Tuesday in October (the 10th.) [J15]

BUFFALO JOCKEY CLUB—FALL RACES, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run for over this course, situated near Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

1st. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $200, h. ft. Two Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. 1837. Four or more to make a race.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close as above. Four or more to make a race.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. One mile out. Colts 80lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

This Club has been revived the present year, with a large increase to its subscription; trainers and breeders are invited to subscribe to the above Sweepstakes. Address the subscriber, Clarksville, Va James Williamson, *Proprietor*.

Mecklenburg County, July 1, 1837. [J15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st August. Four subs.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept. One subscriber.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-t1s] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100 Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Ju8]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000. $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer*.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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